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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE effort to carry a democratic budget raised the larger issue between the will of the people and the will of the Peers. The Home Rule struggle has brought us face to face with an even graver question, the supremacy of Parliament over the Army. Two years of calculated incitement from the Tory leaders and the Tory press have borne their fruit in a "down tools" strike among the officers of the Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh. The War Office consented to parley with men who had refused to carry out their duty as soldiers, and negotiations ended in the drafting of a document by Colonel Seely, which General Gough and his officers regarded as a charter, extorted by their resignations, relieving them from any obligation to take part in military measures that might be necessary to enforce Home Rule. For a moment it seemed that the Army had triumphed, and the most loyal Liberals were prepared to sacrifice the Government. The issue of principle was saved in the debate of Wednes-

day, when the Prime Minister repudiated the worst sentences of Colonel Seely's pledge, while refusing to accept his resignation, and affirmed the duty of unconditional obedience for officers. But the concrete issue remains to be dealt with, and the principle laid down has yet to be enforced

* * *

THE facts of this tangled and momentous crisis were revealed piece-meal. It had its origin in a decision of the Cabinet taken on March 14th, to adopt certain precautionary measures in Ulster. There were rumors that the Ulster volunteers proposed to raid the military depôts in order to supply themselves with arms. It was, therefore, decided to send up infantry detachments to guard the military stores. But, as Sir Edward Grey explained in Wednesday's debate, inadequate precautions may sometimes be an actual temptation to men who are contemplating rebellion. The cavalry at the Curragh and some of the artillery were therefore ordered to make ready to move into Ulster in case of need, and material of war was actually entrained. Further, it was decided to bring a portion of the fleet to the scene of possible action. The Third Battle squadron, which was returning from Spain, and the Fourth Destroyer flotilla were (as Mr. Churchill stated on Wednesday) ordered to proceed to Lamlash, and to embark field guns, in order to be within reach of Ulster. These were proper precautions, calculated to strike the imagination but not to invite armed conflicts between the army and the rebel levies. Their effect was enhanced by baseless, and we have little doubt deliberately invented, rumors in the Tory press that 200 warrants were out for the arrest of the Ulster leaders.

* * *

ON receiving these instructions to guard the depôts, Sir Arthur Paget, who commands the army in Ireland, went to the Curragh, and made to the assembled officers a speech which heightened their alarm. He is said to have told them that by Saturday Ulster would be in a blaze, though his own recollection is that he spoke of a blaze "in the press." He further warned them to be ready for "active operations" in Ulster, and apparently explained that officers domiciled in Ulster would be allowed to "disappear," while others who resigned would be dismissed the service. As a result of this speech, he had to telegraph to the War Office on Friday evening that General Gough and fifty-seven cavalry officers preferred to accept dismissal if ordered North. This speech has been only partially explained, and no memorandum exists of the verbal instructions from Colonel Seely which General Paget believed himself to be paraphrasing. "Active operations" is not a natural phrase to denote the placing of garrisons at depôts, nor ought even Irish officers to have been excused from a duty so passive. Letters read by the Tory leaders in the debate show that the officers at the Curragh imagined, or affected to imagine, that steps were to be taken to provoke the Ulstermen to fire the first shot, after which they were to be shot down *en masse*. Nothing, of course, could be more remote from the actual instructions, or the minds of those of those who gave them.

THE dépôts were, meanwhile, occupied without incident by infantry detachments, and either (as Mr. Churchill says) because everything was quiet in Ulster, or because the strike of the Curragh officers suggested caution, the orders to the fleet were countermanded on Saturday. But the impression that after two years of inaction the Government proposed to deal with the organized rebellion in Ulster was heightened by a vivid and powerful speech which Mr. Lloyd George delivered on Saturday at Huddersfield. He declared that the issue was neither Ulster nor Home Rule, but "all that is essential to civil liberty in this land"; he dissected Mr. Bonar Law's doctrine of "optional obedience"; flouted the "arrogant claims" of Unionists to reduce the Parliament Act to nullity; and, in a scathing but perfectly truthful passage, referred to Ulster as a "spoilt child." Meanwhile, the news of General Gough's resignation was known, and the Unionist press began in concert to talk of a Liberal "plot" to provoke Ulster which had been foiled by the action of the officers. The Prime Minister took the unprecedented step of making a statement to the "Times" designed to calm public opinion and remove misapprehensions. Its too sweeping denial of naval movements does not tally with the fuller knowledge now available.

* * *

GENERAL GOUGH, meanwhile, had been relieved of his command (as it turned out, provisionally) and ordered to report himself in London. There followed interviews with Colonel Seely and General French, at some of which Lord Roberts is said to have been present. If so, Colonel Seely committed two capital blunders, instead of one. Frequent reports were made to the King, but both the Prime Minister and Colonel Seely insist that the King, contrary to the general suspicion, took no initiative whatever. General Gough, on behalf of his brigade, insisted on distinguishing between measures to maintain order and protect property (which they would execute) and "duty involving the initiation of active military operations against Ulster," which they refused. More concisely, they asked for a guarantee that the maintenance of law and order did not include the enforcing of the Home Rule Bill on Ulster. The conversations ended in a decision that these officers were the victims of an "honest misunderstanding," their resignations were withdrawn, and their dismissal cancelled.

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Two answers were given to General Gough's question. One was a laconic "That is so," endorsed by General French on his letter. The other was a more elaborate letter signed by Colonel Seely and Generals French and Ewart. After stating that all soldiers must obey all lawful orders and support the civil power in the event of disturbances, and noting the officers' acceptance of this duty, it went on in two concluding paragraphs to state that the Government, while it meant to use the forces of the Crown to maintain order, had "no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule Bill."

* * *

ARMED with this document, General Gough went home in triumph, talked freely to reporters, published the text of his question and General French's answer, and received an ovation at the Curragh. It appeared that the officers' strike had succeeded, and that the Government had renounced the use of the army to enforce the decisions of Parliament. It was now stated that

officers in the Guards, at Aldershot, and at the War Office, were also prepared to resign. The Unionist Press announced that Home Rule was dead, and placards denounced the Ministry as "bullies and cowards." The feeling among Liberals was one of anger and dismay. In a vehement speech, which pointed directly at the King, Mr. Ward, ex-navy, said in the House on Tuesday that "the question was whether the people through their representatives in Parliament were to make the law without interference from King or Army." At the National Liberal Club he was acclaimed for "saying what we all think." Mr. Thomas, the railway-men's secretary announced that his men had given notice for a possible strike in November. He should now advise them to use their funds to buy rifles. On Wednesday morning a White Paper was issued with the Gough documents. Even the "Westminster Gazette" announced them in its bills as "incredible," and in its leading article declared that it would prefer the defeat of the Government to an abject surrender to the army.

* * *

THE House met on Wednesday afternoon, prepared to evict the Government; its mood changed to an uncritical satisfaction when it had heard the explanation of what had happened. Colonel Seely explained that, after laying the position before the Cabinet on Monday, he was called to Buckingham Palace. The Cabinet revised his draft reply to General Gough in his absence. He returned, thought the document incomplete, proceeded to edit it, and added to it the two final paragraphs, which conveyed the "incredible" assurance, which Generals Gough and French both read as a promise that the army would not be used to enforce Home Rule. These paragraphs the Prime Minister repudiated, and Colonel Seely concurred. He had offered his resignation in atonement for what he handsomely acknowledged as an error of judgment. Wrongly (as it seems to most Liberals), the Prime Minister refused to accept it. The position is complicated by the fact that Lord Morley assisted Colonel Seely in drafting the offending assurance, though it is not stated whether he was aware of the use to which it was to be put, and further that Generals French and Ewart are jointly responsible for it with him.

* * *

THE debate which followed these explanations turned, on the whole, to the Government's advantage. The Prime Minister concluded a full narrative of the facts with a declaration of principle that rallied the party. "We shall not assent," he said, "to the claim of any body of men in the service of the Crown . . . to demand from the Government in advance assurances as to what they will or will not be required to do in circumstances which have not arisen. . . . In these matters . . . the will and judgment and authority of Parliament shall prevail." It was a quiet declaration, but in a tense House it roused excitement and enthusiasm. Unionist criticism, however, was not ineffective in detail. Colonel Seely's resignation ought to have been accepted; the naval measures at least went beyond what was necessary to protect the dépôts and amounted to a provocation; much was still obscure both as to the terms of General Paget's speech and the instructions he received. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain were powerful, while Mr. Bonar Law sank to his lowest intellectual level. The debate turned wholly on the past, and with everything still uncertain as to the attitude of the Army in

the new situation, the Government, which seemed doomed in the afternoon, rallied its normal majority at midnight.

* * *

MEANWHILE, if the Government quails before the revolt of the army, or feels itself powerless to deal with it, the party does not. A wave of passionate feeling, expressed in an unflinching resolve to put the Army in its place, and to restore the threatened authority of Parliament, has swept through the country. Liberals, Radicals, and Labor men feel, in John Bright's words, that the people who struck down the lion need not fear the wolf, and that the issue of whether the Parliament or the Army shall rule throws aside every other interest, consideration, and topic for thought and action. If the Government will lead, well and good. If not, other champions will arise. For the moment, the only fact of consequence is that there is gathering a great host of democracy, which is going to see this thing through. In our view, a treaty should at once be struck with Labor, giving it a hundred seats, and this united army power to sweep the country and vindicate the rights of the citizen.

* * *

A MINOR complication has been the case of Sir John French and Sir J. S. Ewart, who signed the fatal treaty with General Gough on behalf of the Army Council. The signatures were given under the impression that the full authority of the Cabinet was behind them. When this was withdrawn the officers naturally felt that they had tendered a worthless document, and made resignation a matter of personal honor. At the hour of writing we do not know how these formal questions have been settled, for the Prime Minister's explanation has been postponed again and again, so that the efforts to induce General French to withdraw his resignation may prevail. It has been suggested that General French, who alone seems to have spoken to the mutineers in the tone which they deserved, stands in a position of special importance to the Government, and that without him the hope of restoring discipline is gone. If things are as bad as that, the sooner the issue of the Army against Parliament is submitted to the people the better.

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THE magistrate's inquiry into the Caillaux-Calmette murder and the Chamber's investigation of the Caillaux-Rochette scandal are going on simultaneously. Of the first there is little new to report except that Madame Caillaux had serious reason to believe that M. Calmette had been actively buying her old love-letters for publication. The Rochette inquiry has only elicited a hopeless conflict of evidence among MM. Caillaux, Briand, Barthou, and the minor figures in the affair. It amounts to this that the swindler, Rochette's, counsel was assured that he had only to ask for the postponement of the trial in order to obtain it from the Morris-Caillaux Ministry. Who acted as intermediary? A certain Mr. X., who was neither a politician nor a journalist! Shrewd critics declare boldly that Mr. X. was simply Rochette himself, and go on to conclude that Rochette was M. Caillaux's protégé. The minor scandal of this affair is that M. Barthou abstracted the Fabre confession from the archives of his Ministry, and allowed copies to get abroad, though he declares that he prevented M. Calmette from publishing it. There is still no evidence as to the political effect of these scandals. The Government is said to be on the eve of breaking up, but it still escapes difficulties in the Chamber, and has fixed the elections for the normal date, April 26th.

It is some consolation for the failure of the Imperial Government to veto the banishment clause of the South African Indemnity Act, that Colonial opinion is manifestly roused against General Botha's policy. We chronicled last week the success of the Labor Party in sweeping the Rand, and obtaining an absolute majority in the Transvaal Provincial Assembly. Even more significant is the Labor victory in a by-election for the Union Parliament at Liesbeck. Mr. Maginess, the Labor candidate, polled nearly 1,300 votes against a bare 800 cast for his two opponents. The constituency is a typical Capetown suburb, and was counted a safe Unionist seat. The result means, as the correspondent of the "Morning Post" admits, that there is strong middle-class feeling against the deportations. The new Labor majority in the Transvaal proposes to revert to proportional representation, and to raise taxes and rates from a levy on site-values. It is not surprising in these conditions that Mr. Tom Mann has been allowed to land, and to speak without molestation. Rhodesia, meanwhile, has pronounced decisively in a general election for the maintenance of the *status quo*, not so much because it loves the Chartered Company, as because it dreads amalgamation in the Union. Even the Chartered Company cannot banish its opponents.

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THERE are signs that Dr. Wilson may be considering some revision of his Mexican policy. His agent, Mr. Lind, has met Huerta's Foreign Minister, Señor Portillo y Rojas, at Vera Cruz, and rumor guesses that a fresh effort is being made to induce Huerta to resign the Presidency in favor of this Minister. Recognition, it is thought, must involve some degree of temporary financial control, and the "Temps," very cogently argues that America ought not to press the Monroe doctrine so far as to exclude some sort of concert among all the Powers whose subjects have interests in Mexico. All this, however, is conjecture. What seems to be a serious battle is being fought between large forces at Torreon, and the telegrams report, first, some slight success for Villa, and then a heavy defeat, which, however, does not appear to be decisive, since he is said to be awaiting reinforcements. The British Consular inquiry into Mr. Benton's murder has now been completed, and it is believed that it has reached the conclusion that Mr. Benton was not shot, but stabbed to death, that he was never court-martialled, and that his body was burned, to frustrate examination.

* * *

FRENCH literature has lost perhaps its most picturesque personality in the poet Mistral. He was not exactly the pioneer of the modern literary revival of the language of Languedoc. But he was the first to give the movement more than a local appeal. His poems were published in Paris with a French translation, and even to those who could only read this version, they spoke with freshness and directness. Mistral became the patriarch of an organized revival, which, with Avignon as its centre, restored with the dying language many of the picturesque ceremonies and festivals of Provence. The son of a small farmer, he was bred to the law, but passed most of his life, with a dog and a cat which had become legendary, in the ancestral farm-house. His imposing and sympathetic presence, his hospitality, his fame among his neighbors had all conspired to make him in his old age not merely one of the glories of French letters, but one of the most popular personalities in France.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MILITARY COUP D'ÉTAT.

It is, we think, of the utmost importance to ascertain how matters have gone in the grave passage at which the supreme Parliamentary and civil authority of these realms has arrived in its conflict with sedition in the army. We gather that Liberal opinion in the House of Commons concludes that the victory rests with the civil power, that is to say, with the force which, in the only true and deep sense of the words, we call "law and order." We regret to have to come to a different decision. It is, of course, a relief to learn that the Cabinet has not been drawn into the surrender which its War Secretary had prepared for it. It stands clear of that abdication. It is equally gratifying to know that the Prime Minister has laid down some excellent general propositions, denying the right of an officer to demand "assurances" from the Government before executing his duty. But as we all know that the army, which is under Parliament, cannot, so long as Britain remains a civilized State, be authorized to levy blackmail on it, this does not carry us very far. What is important is what has happened to the man who, acting as the spokesman of a body of mutinous officers, presented a successful ultimatum to the Minister responsible to Parliament for the government of the army. The answer, we fear, must be that nothing has happened at all.

Let us rehearse the facts. There are now two seats and centres of rebellion in the United Kingdom. The first is a large body of men who, for months and years, have engaged in illegal drilling and arming in order effectively to take arms in a given contingency against the Crown, and to set up an unlawful government. These men are commanded by military officers, some of whose names appear on the Army List. Not a motion has been made against any one of them. On the other side, officers of the regular army, paid and maintained by Parliament, of which the Executive Government is only a Committee, have refused to obey their orders to move against this force and to frustrate any violent action to which its now passive treason may lead it. Their ringleader, a general officer of distinction, has not only flouted his immediate superior, but has received and obtained from the Secretary of State a general absolution from the duty of carrying out a law of Parliament. This absolution was not, indeed, countersigned by the Cabinet, and has been withdrawn. But the Minister who gave it remains in office, and it is with him rather than with the Government as a whole, and with the Army Council, that General Gough's official life is concerned. That connection remains. The officers naturally conclude that Colonel Seely is not removed because others would go with him; in other words, that the majority of the officers of the Army support him in his determination not to "coerce" Ulster, and would cripple any force despatched with a view of keeping her under the Union Jack. General Gough, therefore, repudiates the Cabinet's repudiation, and so long as he remains a general officer of the Army, we do not see how the effect

of this assumption, with its crushing reaction on discipline, can be destroyed. We are, therefore, at a deadlock. The Ministry and Parliament are still held up. They can pass the Home Rule Bill, but, as the "Morning Post" proudly proclaims, the Army will not enforce it. In plain fact, the country is not far from government by *pronunciamiento*. The Cabinet has refrained from any verbal endorsement of the treason of General Gough. But it has not advanced one step to recovering the lost ground of the Constitution. A soldier has defied the Parliament from which he and his comrades draw their military existence and pay, and has gone back to his quarters in triumph, the most popular figure in the Army.

Let us examine the position a little closer. General Gough has done a number of things, all of them seditious. The first and the least was his disobedience to his Commander-in-Chief. Let it be admitted that it was a tactless proceeding to put before an officer an extreme and remote view of the most unpleasant duty he could be called on to perform, and then to ask him whether he would fulfil it or resign. No such "option" should have been suggested. But Sir Arthur Paget had this obvious justification. He knew that the army was primed with mutiny, and he was in the position of a captain of a ship who summons his crew to the quarter-deck, and asks them whether they prefer to do their duty or to be put in irons. In any case, it is clear that General Gough had no right to refuse obedience, even though he refused it in the form of saying that he and his associates would do police duty in Ulster, but that they would take no initiative against the rebels. "A subordinate officer," says Lord Mansfield,* "must not, even to save the lives of others, or his own life, judge of the danger, propriety, expediency, or consequence of the order he receives—he must obey." General Gough constituted himself a judge of every one of these contingencies, and not being satisfied on them, sent in his resignation. This was his first breach of discipline. It was also the least important. He had indeed rendered himself liable to court-martial and dismissal, and he was not court-martialled or dismissed. He then went a long step farther. Summoned to London, he proceeded to put himself at the head of a conspiracy of officers, sixty-four in number. The Prime Minister referred to the letter in which he formulated their demands as "perfectly fair and reasonable." We are astonished at such a description. So far as the letter was a respectful request for explanations, it might be just. But General Gough and his confederates declared that if the duty required of them included "the initiation of active military operations against Ulster," they preferred dismissal. Such "active" service might obviously have been required of them. The rebel plans in Ulster have from the first contemplated the seizure of Government offices, such as custom houses, post offices, or military stores. Any forcible action for the recovery of such property General Gough would, we imagine, refuse to perform. But that was not the worst offence of the letter of March 20th. It was in fact a conspiracy. The list appended

* Quoted in an excellent article, entitled "The Army and Parliament," in the "Westminster Gazette" of March 26th.

to it showed that General Gough had canvassed his inferior officers while he paraded their names (in the 6th Hussars "seventeen out of nineteen doing duty," in the 16th Lancers "sixteen out of sixteen doing duty") with the aim and result of giving weight and mass to his action.

His third act was the most audacious of all, for Mr. Amery's speech on March 24th shows that every move of the conspirators was known to Tory members, by whom it was fully revealed before the Prime Minister had opened his lips, or the public had been made aware of the form of the demands which General Gough had presented to the Secretary of State for War. The inference is irresistible that these gentlemen were in the confidence of General Gough, who then proceeded to extort from Colonel Seely and the Army Council such terms as would dispense him and his associates from the task of enforcing a Home Rule Act. This point was to be "made clear." It was. General Gough departed, not merely with the Cabinet memorandum and the unauthorized Seely addition, but with a further written guarantee, confirming Colonel Seely's licence to anarchy, avowedly on the ground that the actual text was not definite enough. This guarantee, say Mr. Amery and the Tory press, without contradiction from the Government, ran as follows:—

"Do we understand by the last paragraph we are not to be asked to take up arms against Ulster to enforce the present Home Rule Bill, and are we to tell our officers so?"

To this an affirming sentence was added by Colonel Seely and Sir John French, and this Boulanger of the Mess-room returned in triumph to the Curragh, victor over the Constitution, the Parliament, and the King's Ministers, and proclaiming his success in the language of insubordination and insolence.

This is the story. We need not discuss its accidentals. It is the fruit of an open, deliberate, and entirely successful conspiracy between the leaders of the Opposition and the officers of the army. Mr. Bonar Law, as head traitor, has suggested every line of disobedience taken by General Gough. He has told the army that any officer refusing to conduct military operations in Ulster is, "of course, only fulfilling his duty." He has insisted that in civic disputes discipline is dissolved, and the soldier becomes a "citizen," with a dispensing conscience, which, by an exquisite motion of natural sympathy, happens to be identical with his own. He has incited the poorer officers to join their richer brethren by holding out to them the hope of re-instatement, without the loss of pensions. Lord Roberts, as his prime associate in sedition, has signed a document pledging himself and his fellow-conspirators "to prevent the armed forces of the Crown being used to deprive the people of Ulster of their rights as citizens of the United Kingdom." For the moment we are not greatly concerned that the Tory Party should have put the army out of action as a force for the coercion of the workmen in industrial disputes. It is clear also that there must be a sweeping purge of disloyal officers, but that matter can wait until Mr. Asquith has found a General André to do it. For

the moment, the vital matter is that Parliament has been overborne by a military junta, and that the Cabinet is unequal to the business of asserting those liberties of the people of which all its powers and prerogatives are the symbol. We shall believe that this control exists when these "resigning" officers are court-martialled and dismissed in ignominy from the service. Till that hour of reparation for these crimes has struck, we shall take leave to say that Parliament sits to-day under the threat of armed opposition to its decisions, and that until the Prime Minister can announce to it that he and his colleagues have acquired the power to prevent the further assembling of armed men in Ulster, and to take possession of arms collected for the support of a Government that is not the King's, and that the Regular troops will support such action—in a word, till he can assure us that the King's writ runs in Ulster as well as in the rest of the British Isles—he has no right to ask that august assembly to remain in session. This is no mere "Irish question." It is a question which we thought we had settled 250 years ago. It is the question of the outraged authority of the Parliament to whom the obedience of the Army and of the citizens is equally due. That authority has been flouted and undermined, and no Liberal or Labor man can lift his head again until it has been fully restored and amply avenged.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR MASTERS.

It is important that we should not deceive ourselves into considering this Tory tampering with the Army a merely wild, spasmodic action evolved by anger at the expected coercion of Ulster and by hatred of the Parliament Act. It has a deeper and more ominous significance. Until the last few years Tories had sedulously maintained the title and demeanor of a constitutional party. With each broadening of the franchise there came a brief period of alarm lest the power of the popular electorate might prove really dangerous to property and privilege. When the preponderance of voting power passed to the workers half a century ago, the more ignorant and timid members of the propertied classes conjured up visions of revolutionary agitators returned to Parliament to carry out a policy of plunder under the forms of legislation. But it was soon discovered that a popular franchise did not seriously interfere with the traditional control of government by the ruling families of the landed aristocracy, fortified by the new plutocracy of commerce and finance. The party machines, popularized to meet the new conditions and actively assisted by the Church, "the Trade," and the great majority of employers, were able to manipulate the working-class electorate so as to make the power of the people quite innocuous. When the Tory Party was outvoted at the polls and a Radical Government came in, the real causes of conservatism had always enough support in the enemy's camp to stop or cripple any dangerous measures. The issues that divided the two parties were seldom vital to the interests of the workers, never touched the roots of property. Small serviceable concessions that cost little or nothing to the owning classes, and the glamor of the great Imperial show, stage-managed in the 'seven-

ties by Disraeli, and provided with fresh spectacular effects through the two following decades, kept the people quiet. Half the workers could in ordinary times be relied upon to vote Conservative, and when they failed, the mere existence of the House of Lords served to strangle at their birth any dangerous projects entertained by the radical wing of a Liberal Party in the Commons. Under such circumstances, a Tory Party and the propertied interests it exists to serve, could afford to be strictly constitutional. For the Constitution was their safe and obedient tool.

With the new century came a great change. Not only the rise of a strong Labor Party, but the gambling instincts of a great ex-Radical politician flung into the political arena economic issues of a magnitude far transcending any that had hitherto been permitted to confront the electorate. Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to endow the landlords and the great business men with increased powers of plundering the people proved an economic education in more than the Free Trade issue. It prepared the ground for a series of new movements and new demands interpreted by Conservatives as an attack upon the foundations of property and social privilege. With the Liberal and Labor triumph of 1906, politics took on a novel aspect of reality. All their powers of influencing the electors—press, church, liquor, sport—had failed them. Socialism was in the air, and a growing Labor Party in the House of Commons.

Then arose from the Liberal ranks the menacing figure of Mr. Lloyd George, an impassioned democrat, unchecked by those restraints and emollients which society had always relied upon for taming Radicals. The new policy which this man voiced seemed to them sheer confiscation, a taking from the rich to give to the poor, and his great Budget drove them to their first reckless and unsuccessful defiance of the Constitution. The passionate resentment with which the country greeted this insulence, and their recognition that the Lords' Veto—a weapon upon which they had always relied with confidence—was now wrested from their hands, have taught them two things. They have learnt, or those incapable of learning feel it in their bones, that the electorate has passed out of their control, and that the veto of the Lords has gone for ever. They also recognize that for the future, politics will continually be occupied by economic issues of primary importance, involving large readjustments of industry and property, and that the Progressive Party of the near future, whether it be Liberal or Labor, will no longer be impeded in their work by the weight of wealthy Whiggism which hitherto has crippled progress.

This new condition of affairs has altered their attitude towards the Constitution. It was only sacred so long as it would serve their interests. If it will no longer do this, they have no use for it. It is good only for the scrap-heap. In the Conservative there is nothing of the spirit of Burke, no sentimental reverence for the past, no regard for the broadening foundations of popular liberty upon which the Constitution has been erected. The Constitution has been a "hand" in their party game. As they played the Lords five years ago, some of them are now prepared to play the King, without even stopping

to inquire whether the ace is out. We do not suggest that their conduct expresses a deliberate and considered policy, it is rather an instinctive falling back on the next line of defence. But no one at all familiar with the recent Tory talk in the looser atmosphere of club or smoke-room will regard this tampering with the army as wholly unpremeditated. It has long been the secret or avowed ingredient in their insolent declarations that they had the power to "down" the Government. Everyone knows the tenor of this talk, "Why should we make or accept 'Concessions?'" We don't need them. Your House of Commons may do what it likes. We won't have Home Rule on any lines, and we can stop it. Do you say you will make us obey the law? How? Remember the Army is ours. You may pay the piper, but we call the tune." You perhaps reply, as has been replied in the House of Commons, that two can play at that game, that when they want the Army to protect their property, it may not be available. They see no analogy, fear none. For an officer and a gentleman has surely rights that do not belong to common soldiers.

Most of those who use this language have no pretensions to blue blood. They are of the new rich who have taken on the swagger of aristocracy. It is the same everywhere. Scratch a plutocrat, you find a Bourbon. Laws and Constitutions are not meant for supermen. So long as they can have the making and administering of the laws, well and good, they will be law-abiding citizens. But laws made by the common people and their representatives they will not obey, and they will not be made to obey. They are the rightful rulers of any country where they live, the fighting, sporting class, accustomed to command in war, in politics, in business, bred in dignity and leisure, and accustomed to have their way. Theirs is the kingdom, the power, and the glory. The spirit of the Army is the condensation of this feeling, and it is, therefore, only natural that the Tory Party should regard the Army as their property, their tool.

But though attention is just now concentrated upon this usurpation, it is well to remind ourselves that it is not their only weapon against the constitutional government. How can powerful men be brought to book when the high administrative offices are in their hands, when they rule the Army Council, the Board of Admiralty, the Committee of Defence, and when their prejudices strongly color the mind and the actions of many of our Judges? The great task which democracy has hitherto shirked is now set remorselessly before it. It is necessary not merely to purge the Army and make it the engine of the people's will. The same policy of thoroughness must be applied to other departments of administration. The Tory Party is bent on trying to paralyze every instrument of executive government. Unless the Liberal Party is prepared to crush this attempt, it must meet the ruin it will have deserved, and give place to some organization of the people's will that has more courage and more competency. We need not despair. "Mighty men," wrote Meredith, "often beat numbers for a time. But at last the numbers are thrashed into the art of beating their masters." It is a slow and painful process, but it is, perhaps, the only way to democracy.

THE COMMENTS OF A GHOST.

THERE was little in the scene at the Empire's nerve centres to mark the day of crisis. The birds in St. James's Park were aware of the uncertain Spring, and a fleeting ray of sunlight had tempted me to sit down. I was reading, rather absent-mindedly, in a French newspaper, disturbed, I know not why, by the personality of a tall man with a certain familiar distinction who sat on the chair next mine. I thought I had seen his face before, but no name suggested itself. He seemed to be watching with a strained attention the steps which led up to Downing Street. He would start as a rare visitor went up or down them, and followed with his eyes the policeman who paced monotonously outside the garden wall. Something had drawn us together before he spoke, and I was not surprised when he asked in French, in a tone of distant and oddly impersonal courtesy, if he might glance at my newspaper. I noticed that he turned at once to the news of the British crisis. He read it with a smile of relief, nodding his head at intervals with a gesture of assent. "I do not know your politics," he said at length, "but you will excuse a foreigner who intrudes. This crisis interests me deeply. I have read the speech of your Chancellor. Those are brave words. That is energy. But your paper is two days old. Tell me, if you are not too busy to pardon my curiosity, how they have acted on them. Has the Army obeyed?"

The question found me at a loss. There was something that seemed to pass the resources of explanation in the descent from words to deeds. Three days had passed since the speech was delivered which the stranger had just read with a glow of approbation. I tried to tell him that my newspaper was out of date, and briefly, with the sort of shame that one feels in revealing a family scandal to an outsider, I told him the sequel. An order had been given, and an order had been taken back. Officers had been dismissed or suspended, and officers had been reinstated. A treaty had been drafted and duly signed, which excused the Army from enforcing the will of Parliament. The reaction was celebrating its hero, and up those steps and down those steps which the stranger still watched intently, the men were coming and going who had bent at the threat of an officers' strike.

"You tell me this," said the stranger, with a flush of anger, "but it is incredible. Yours is not a Continental country. What is the Army to you? It is not your life, it is not your defence. It is not the first necessity of your existence. How comes it that it wields this power? In our case there was, at least, that excuse. Many a time, while I lay in prison, I made it to myself —"

"In prison?" I asked, with tone of sympathy that may have been indiscreetly curious.

"I had leisure enough in prison," he answered, as if I ought to have understood him silently, "leisure enough to think it out. The Army was our watch-dog. It had its privileges. It had its rights. It was our bulwark of safety against the foreign enemy. The affection, the respect, the timidity, with which our politicians regarded it was altogether natural. But what is your

Army to you? A luxury, a decoration, a trapping of Imperial pomp, by comparison. We faced a graver crisis than yours, and we subdued our Army."

"We?" I questioned, for the manner of the man, vehement and commanding as it was, began to pique my curiosity.

"Yes. I was in the thick of that battle," he answered. "It is all over now—for me. I am a spectator and nothing more. But, tell me, for it puzzles me, why is it that this question of Home Rule stirs your officers to passion? In our case, now, it was over the question of doing justice to a Jew that we struggled"—(so that was the clue, I reflected, and again I asked myself where I had seen that handsome and thoughtful face before)—"but the Dreyfus affair was only the occasion. Our battle was, first of all, for the right of the Republic to control the Army. We had to impose a civilian conception of justice and evidence upon a body of conspirators, whose demand was to follow their arbitrary will. We fought to a finish, because we understood that behind the Army there was the aristocracy and the Church, which would know how to use it if it won. Alfred Dreyfus was nothing to these people, not even a traitor. They fought for a point of prestige. It was the Army against the civil power, and the Army stood for a little world of fashion which the Church had organized for a white revolution. I have my own suspicions. There is more than an Irish question in this Home Rule of yours."

I assented rapidly, for I was anxious to hear more. "Yes," I agreed, "Home Rule is only the pretext. In one form or another, the Tories themselves would give us Home Rule if they were in power. They are fighting now to retain the aristocratic veto."

"I see," said the stranger, "your officers have struck because your peers are impotent. That, in a sense, was our case, too. Our reaction was helpless against universal suffrage. It talked of *plébiscites*. It dreamed of a Royalist restoration. That was play. Its first concern was to keep alive the cult of the Army. Against the popular will, it opposed its ideal of unreasoning force. The Army was for it the instrument which it could control. If it could have seized that instrument, it need hardly have troubled to upset the Republic."

"And is that also our case as you see it?"

"One sees nothing else after such an experience as mine. I was inside our Army. I knew that its solidarity was a class-sentiment. I can hear the same thing over there in Ireland. Your officers have struck against popular government, as ours intrigued against it. It is society in a cavalry uniform which has defied you."

"Our politicians," I answered, "are slow to see a fundamental issue. They live by shirking fundamental issues. That is their trade. We think of politics as the art of compromise. For you the Republic itself means combat."

"Politicians!" he interrupted, with a gesture of contempt; "they are the same in every country. Did ours see the fundamental issue? Not they. No more than yours. We fought our battle without them. A few literary men, a handful of professors, and I, a soldier, we were alone at first, and only the Socialists

stood behind us. We learned to see the fundamental issue in prison and exile—Zola and I."

"But you won!"

"We won by facing our issue. We got out of the 'honest misunderstandings' and forced the sharp question. Do you know when I was sure that we had won? It was not when we got rid of Mercier and du Paty de Clam, nor when we reinstated Dreyfus, nor even when Clemenceau sent for me, and appointed—"

He stopped in a sudden embarrassment.

"When Clemenceau appointed Colonel Picquart to the Ministry of War," I suggested. He did not finish his sentence.

"It was when the Church was disestablished," he went on, "that I knew we had won. That was rather like your case. Do you remember that we had to call on the Army to aid the civil power? There were riots round the churches. There were incidents as the religious orders were dispersed. The Army was still full of clericals. But it had learned its lesson. The courts-martial dealt with the few officers who disobeyed."

"Ah! but you had no Lord Roberts in your way," I reminded him.

"Lord Roberts? We had Galliffet, the man of the old school. But our Roberts made a duty of obedience. He shot down the Communards, it is true, but he sent the clerical officers to the court-martial. But there he is!"

A stiff, erect old gentleman was at our side. I had not noticed his coming. "Picquart, *mon vieux!*" I heard him say as he took the stranger's arm in his. They seemed for a moment to be strolling together towards the steps of Downing Street, and then the solid policeman walked through them.

A London Diary.

THE word "storm" would be much too trifling and inexpressive to describe the emotion that swept through the Liberal Parliamentary Party on Tuesday afternoon. "Convulsion" would be nearer the mark; not that its form was especially violent, but that it carried men right out of the average familiar frame of party calculations, and made them feel that a new issue had arisen, which made the day-by-day luck of the Government far less important than the deep, permanent values of politics. Such passion as there was broke out when Mr. John Ward, ex-navy, chancing, in the last sentence of an inspired speech to light on the words which exactly revealed the dominant mood, declared that the question was whether Parliament was to make the laws without interference by the King or army. Mr. Ward did not attempt to disguise what this meant. The news had gone out that the officers had got their terms, and had gone back to the Curragh rejoicing, having wrung a treaty of surrender from the Cabinet. At the moment, the Ministerial party, outside the officials, believed that there had been a plot between the Opposition, the King, and the army to destroy the Government and nullify the Parliament Act, and that the Ministry had bowed the knee.

So far as the King was concerned, the impression was incorrect. The King had made a great number of inquiries, for all our Monarchs claim a special interest in the Army. But he had done nothing, save, I am told, to make one amiable and quite harmless personal intervention. But the fire was kindled, and ran through Liberal Britain (especially in the North) with an impetuosity which threatened everything that stood in its way. It threatened the Government most of all. The news of Colonel Seely's infatuate conduct had been told in detail, and from obviously direct communications from General Gough, by Mr. Amery. His speech showed that the General went back and forwards (it is said to a well-known Tory club) getting astute advice as to the way in which he might corner Colonel Seely, and force him to the point he wanted to arrive at—namely, an absolution for the Army from the task of enforcing Home Rule. This he got, and there seemed nothing for it but that the Cabinet were implicated. Had that been the case, they would have been swept away like chaff. The Consolidated Bill would have been thrown out, and the Liberal Israel would have gone to its tents, cursing its betrayers, and seeking new leaders where it could find them.

WEDNESDAY brought a very different situation. It turned out that the War Secretary had been guilty of gross carelessness, that the Cabinet was raging against him even more vehemently than the Parliamentarians, and that, at least, there was to be a complete repudiation of the "guarantee." So far, so good. We are not to be governed by *pronunciamiento*, and Tory officers are not, in form at least, to be permitted to put a pistol to the Prime Minister's head. But, after all, what has happened? Colonel Seely is to remain. There were reasons of policy for not at once executing the sentence which, to do him justice, he frankly called down on his own head, for he had drawn Sir John French into his folly, and that honest and upright soldier had signed the document, believing it to be a Cabinet one. His resignation and that of the Army Council was momentarily feared. But the fact remains that, having, without Cabinet authority, given a guarantee of immunity to the head of a band of mutineers, Colonel Seely is left in control of the army. With what moral authority? General Gough, it is hoped, having no longer any "cover" for his gamble with the Government, will resign. But, supposing he does not, preferring to slap the pocket in which Colonel Seely's dispensation lies? Is he to be court-martialled or dismissed the service? I have heard no such suggestion. But, if the Government do not take this disciplinary step, is it not clear that they have not the power? General Gough has smitten Liberalism and Constitutionalism in the face, and gone off to Dublin in triumph, the darling of all the drawing-rooms in Mayfair.

COLONEL SEELY should, of course, have gone long ago. He is an amiable man, and he seems to have impressed the House with his grief over his blunder, and his anxiety to repair it without injury to his colleagues. But the trouble with Colonel Seely is that, when he crossed the House, he took his old mental furniture with him, and

that he has never really become a Liberal. It was a great mistake to put such a man in the War Office; it was a greater mistake still, and a cynical disregard of Liberal practice and tradition, to put a military officer there. Colonel Seely has never spoken on conscription without turning an alternate face to the Service League and to the voluntary principle. He has shirked the task of democratizing an army in which every smart regiment is a nest of Toryism, and would be incompetent to undertake it if he tried. What place have such gentlemen in the inner councils of Liberalism, and to what purpose are they promoted to them? Moreover, a man of harder muscle than he is needed to cope with the situation in the Army. Mr. Burns or Mr. Runciman might, perhaps, handle it, but not Colonel Seely.

THERE is, no doubt, a hopeful strain of Liberal opinion which the great improvement in the party situation on Wednesday brought about, and which thinks that the main trouble is over. The Government have, in their view, been saved the general resignation of officers which was threatened, and the actual revolt has gone off "half cock," and been restricted to the dandies and high Tories of the cavalry regiments. But has it? The spirit of the Army is, of course, worse than ever. The Government can only count confidently on one soldier of first-rate powers, and he has had to resign, tangled, without his knowledge, in Colonel Seely's blunder. The only change of significance is the rapidly growing nervousness of the Tory Party in Parliament, over a third of whom are, I am told, now converted to the notion of a settlement by consent.

WHEN the Army Annual Bill comes up for discussion in Committee in the Commons, the Labor Members may be expected to renew an amendment which, when moved by Mr. Keir Hardie on a similar occasion two years ago, caused grievous scandal to the Unionist Party. As formerly moved, the amendment was to the effect that the conditions of the soldier's contract should include "an option as to whether the recruit is willing to take duty in aid of the civil power in connection with a trade dispute, and unless this has been signed in the affirmative by the recruit his refusal to undertake such duty during his period of service shall not constitute an offence under this Act or of any rules or regulations connected with service in the Army." Two years ago—that is to say, following on a period of industrial strain in which 70,000 troops had been moved all over the country on the mere threat of a railway strike—not more than twenty-three Members could be found to support this proposition. In the other lobby the cause of military discipline enjoyed the support of both Unionism and Ulsterism.

A VERY strong side-current of criticism among Liberals runs on the extreme slackness of Cabinet methods which the Seely incident reveals. I have frequently commented on it; it is, indeed, one of the perils of the situation. That the Prime Minister should have been left in darkness as to the nature of General

Gough's letter, and that Colonel Seely, on no occasion a strong man, should have been left unguarded by the most precise instructions as to how to deal with this formidable military revolt—all this shows a grave failure of touch and precision and preparedness. That, indeed, is the trouble. Situations are not thought out beforehand, and when they spring full-armed on the Cabinet, his colleagues rely on the Prime Minister's Parliamentary dexterity to pull them through. This happy-go-lucky method (or want of method) has been used once too often.

A STIFF FENCE.

(BY A RADICAL MEMBER.)

ON Tuesday, the rank and file of the Liberal Party—including both Moderates and Extremists—were plunged into a state of despondency and apprehension without parallel since a Liberal Government was returned in 1906. The Tory Party, on the other hand, thought that at last they were in measurable sight of victory. Welsh Bishops paced the lobby, purring with glee; agitated groups gathered in all corners shaking their heads and whispering gloomy forebodings, or chuckling at the rosy prospects they imagined were imminent. It seemed impossible that one day's debate could materially alter the situation. But it did, and it is not very easy to explain why. The Government were confronted with a stiff fence, in addition to a ditch of their own digging. They have cleared the obstacle not without stumbling, and, as on former occasions, their opponents have done a good deal to help them over.

As facts presented themselves on Tuesday, confused, incomplete, and misleading, there was every reason for the most pessimistic views being justified, and the printed paper which was circulated on Wednesday morning, if anything, made matters worse. Mr. John Ward's fine speech on Tuesday was an accurate and eloquent expression of the Liberal and Labor view of the great principle with regard to the army, which had suddenly been raised. The rank and file were certain of their ground, but the Government had still to speak. The explanations when they came were not by any means complete, nor could they be entirely satisfactory. But there was one point which at once eased the tightening and almost sickening apprehension which every true Liberal was feeling. The concluding memorandum printed in the White Paper, and initialled by the Secretary of State for War and two members of the Army Council was not a reply to the immediately preceding letter from General Gough, though it was perfectly impossible for anyone reading the documents consequentially to have guessed this. More than that, the two final paragraphs of the memorandum had been inserted by the Secretary of State on his own responsibility, and did not represent the view of the Cabinet. These were the welcome facts which helped to change the situation. Colonel Seely's unaccepted resignation was something of an anti-climax, and was in no way impressive. The disclosure of the slipshod methods adopted on such a critical occasion were almost incredible. A ceremonial visit to Buckingham Palace is sufficient excuse for a Minister to absent himself from a Cabinet convened to discuss his action and his policy on a point of unique importance. He returns to an empty room to find no precise instructions; another Cabinet Minister happens to be still lingering in the room when "the box was opened," that is, the dispatch box containing these momentous documents, and a memorandum

is concocted. With the data given to us, we can imagine the Minister saying, "I suppose that's near enough; let's go and have lunch." It is perhaps as well for the country that Cabinet methods are generally a profound secret.

The Prime Minister could not accept Colonel Seely's resignation without J. F. and J. S. E., who also initialled the memorandum, resigning as well, and this, from every point of view, was felt to be most undesirable. Then we were told a good deal about the movements of the Third Battle Squadron. Of course, these movements were not intentionally provocative, but they were extremely impolitic, and entirely unnecessary. But when you have a born naval strategist as a Minister, the fleet, in some shape or form, is likely to appear at unexpected moments, and in unexpected quarters.

However, the Prime Minister's statement, supplemented by Sir Edward Grey's, was very explicit with regard to the duties of officers, and the question asked in General Gough's letter was emphatically condemned as most improper. Mr. Balfour's dialectics were not suited to the mood of the Opposition, and Mr. Bonar Law failed more conspicuously than ever. His followers were in despair, seeing again their best trumps wasted, and when their leader, having confessed he was not an aristocrat, declared there was a distinction between aristocrats and gentlemen, nearly every Tory crossed his other leg, and wiped his forehead, while the Liberals almost fell from their seats with laughter. There was, however, one very effective Tory speech at the end of the evening. It came from Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who made his points with telling effect, and asked the Government some very embarrassing questions which were not answered.

If the only issues raised were the misunderstandings of officials, the carelessness of Ministers, and the altering of memoranda, the whole thing would, indeed, be rather a wretched business. But the vastly significant questions of army discipline, the nature of our army, and its position in the State, bring to the front fundamental principles of our political creed and of our definition of the British Constitution, and throw into the shade all other questions, including even Irish Home Rule.

We knew the army was Tory, we knew it was aristocratic. That does not mean that all officers are rich aristocrats, but it does mean that they are all under the immediate influence of the aristocracy, and the aristocratic ideal is the ideal for which they are all striving. What we did not know was that it would take so little for the army to renounce its military duty in order to display its party color. Having subdued the Lords, we thought our path was comparatively smooth. We made a mistake. There are other constituted authorities, who are prepared to stand up against us. The Liberal Party are quite ready to take up the challenge, and join issue at the earliest possible moment. But let us hope the Government will help and not hinder us in the fight.

Meanwhile, there is a growing feeling on both sides of the House that these weekly, one might almost say daily, constitutional crises are playing havoc with the House of Commons, and it will not be at all surprising if this feeling does not show itself by a movement among private members on both sides of the House to press their leaders to lose no more time in vituperation, recriminations, and votes of censure, but to find a broad, common basis for a settlement. This issue is keenly desired by a far greater number of Members of Parliament in all quarters than front bench speeches and press articles would lead the outside public to suppose. Let us hope that private members co-operating together may be successful where the leaders have failed.

Life and Letters.

A BETTER WORLD.

A GENERATION ago psychology was slowly struggling into recognition as a legitimate branch of science. Orthodox culture could still ignore it by attributing to its devotees the preposterous claim to "weigh the soul." Though cavillers still remain, psychology has now won for itself a tolerably well-established position as an academic study, and even begins to exercise some authoritative influence in the arts of education, medicine, and penology. But sociology is still regarded by most people with cold suspicion. Politicians and social reformers generally look askance at its offers of scientific guidance, while academic specialists in psychology and economics, political science and history, often regard it as a magnificent pretender. This attitude is not entirely attributable to the conservatism of culture. The sweeping generalizations of its founders and a certain arrogance in the assertion of suzerainty over the existing arts and sciences naturally engendered feelings of suspicion and resentment, which have not yet died out. But among politicians and social reformers there exists also a definite distrust of social science, and of its criticism of the opportunist arts which they practise.

Yet there never was a time when the calm study of social tendencies in human history and institutions, the goals and ideals there disclosed, and the co-ordination of present conscious efforts for the achievements of these ideals—the work of sociology—was more urgently required. If in the minds of some educated persons the charges of loose generalization, arrogant pretensions, pedantry or inhumanity, still linger, they will be dissipated by a perusal of the interesting volume, "Interpretations and Forecasts: A Study of Survivals and Tendencies in Contemporary Society" (Duckworth), which Mr. Victor Branford has just contributed.

For, living as we do in times when forces of disturbance and of dissolution appear simultaneously to assail the foundations of our institutions and of the codes and creeds which were their spiritual supports, anyone who comes, as Mr. Branford does, with a clear discernment of the new creative and constructive forces that are playing underneath the tumult, and are making for a better world, deserves a warm welcome. Sociology, as here disclosed, is a revelation of purpose in social evolution, and a reinforcement of faith in humanity. It is, to our mind, a model for social study in its lack of formalism and its richness of concrete interpretation. Mr. Branford, in his survey of the "Present as Transition," takes proper account of the various novel and superficially unrelated movements, not only those which affect politics and industry, but the new ferment of educational ideals and efforts, the renewed interest in drama and in the decorative arts, and all the other impulses of a broader, popular culture, making for the evolution of that finer, richer human life to be lived in the community which he calls "The City Beautiful." For it is primarily with the ideal of a city, the type of human fellowship in all time, that Mr. Branford is concerned. The core of his book lies in his social interpretation of the medieval city as a light enabling us to discern amid the dark perturbations of our present "social unrest" the emergence of a new city, which, though no slavish copy of the old, must yet conform to the same essential human needs. He shows us the picture of medieval society as dominated by a great purpose. "This purpose was the endeavor so to combine

moral, aesthetic, and intellectual resources as to inspire the various classes and communities of Christendom with a set of ideals relevant to their particular functions, and yet uniting them in a common culture. Three institutions—the Church Militant, the Popular Theatre, and the University—developed as the specialized organs of this higher education for life; and for the life of all. The voluntary partnership of the Church and the Guilds created the popular theatre, and maintained it as at once the playground of the people, and a school of civic and social culture. Training in the free atmosphere of dramatic representation, the people there spontaneously absorbed and again transmitted the heritage of culture and ideals, adapting it, in each generation, even in each locality, to its particular needs of time and place; and so the people were able to re-express it with more abiding visible splendor and beauty in the building of cathedrals and the making of cities."

In so far as this ideal of the medieval community was attained for and by the body of free citizens, it presented a true social art. It satisfied at once the claims and needs of individual personality in that craftsmanship which was the union of brain and hand, while the common life was lived in the fruitful co-operation of workmen and citizens, living and working in the personal surroundings of a home. There can, indeed, be no full return to the work of handicraft which was the industrial basis of this civic life, and neither the economic nor the political self-sufficiency of the old free city can be restored. None the less the modern city of workplaces and homes requires for its culture and humanity the same co-ordination and harmony of institutions with an even broader and more liberal spirit. In this civic structure there must be an incorporation of the four persistent elements in all societies, "people, chiefs, intellectuals, and emotionals"—to quote Comte's famous analysis. That is to say, the common life of the people must make due provision for and recognition of men of signal talent and energy, natural leaders of enterprise, and University, Church, or other forms of spiritual culture and control must become once more an integral part of the life of the people, the body of working citizens, whose personal character and purposes are best realized in the welfare of their city. Mr. Branford sees in the many streams of humanist reform the half-instinctive craving for this ideal city.

"To give dignity and beauty to the life and labor of woman in the home, of men in the factory and field; to subordinate the economics of the market to the ethics of the Church; to replace the limitations or exaggerations of sects and the pedantries of academies by the realities of a living culture; to clean up the *débris* and confusion of the industrial cities, and enrich their civic life with order and beauty—to achieve these ends is the purpose of innumerable organizations concerned with the tasks of uplift and betterment." The town-planning movement and the Culture of Child-life are cited as the two concrete foci of the new social situation, and the organized endeavors of eugenics on the one hand, civics on the other, are conceived as working primarily through new and more enlightened channels of education. In place of the meagre conception of popular education conveyed in the "three R's," we are now passing to a culture in which the "three H's" shall be harmoniously combined, an education of hand, head, and heart. The University settlement, and the movements of University extension and Workers' Educational Union are envisaged in a dawning recognition of the University, no longer as the distinctive possession of a cultured caste, but as

the spiritual home of the whole community. Mr. Branford makes a fine and courageous appeal to educationalists to rise to the height of their true calling. "Cannot a system of education be designed and developed capable of imparting to personality the bearing and beauty of the aristocrat, the moral dignity of the craftsman, the culture and vision of the thinker, and add thereto the urge and uplift of citizenship?" Nor are these presented as vague aspirations. They are illustrated by a score of active currents of organized endeavor in the actual world of education and of citizenship.

To those who are afraid of the undue tampering of science with the springs of character and conduct, of the excessive claims of organization and institutionalism, we heartily commend this book for the crowning quality of its humanity. It is full of faith, hope, and charity, drawing freely on the spirit of the past for the creation of the future. It may seem to some that Mr. Branford has over-emphasized the city as the typical form of society in an age when this mode of common life is yielding to the wider claims of nation and humanity. But this is not due to any failure on his part to realize the broader forms of organization. Indeed, he well reminds us that, even through the medieval city, compact and self-sufficient as it was for most ordinary purposes of life, there ran the broader current of human inspiration and co-operation. In the ripest times of medieval culture, religion, art, and learning showed in certain ways a richer cosmopolitanism than is furnished by the far more facile communications of to-day. "In the archives of the City of Burgos, in Northern Spain, there is said to be recorded a minute of the City Council, which runs somewhat as follows: 'Resolved to build a cathedral of such magnificence that future generations will say we were mad to have begun it.' The glorious edifice thus conceived in the civic pride of a *Spanish* city was commenced under a *French* master mason, finished by a *German* architect, and dedicated to the use of an *English* bishop." Is not that a spiritual federation of Europe more real than any which exists to-day?

LA TERRE QUI MEURT!

If anyone reads the reports to the Irish Board of Agriculture of a century ago, and then turns to Cobbett's description of rural life in the "Political Register," he will find it hard to believe that these different writers are discussing the same country at the same time. The reason is not to be found in any desire to pervert or misrepresent the truth. The different writers are describing the same country, but they are taking different sets of facts. If this is carried far enough, the two pictures will seem incompatible with each other. The same result may be achieved to-day if one writer looks, say, at farming as an art, its processes and methods, the enterprise and enlightenment shown by those who practise it, the condition and prosperity of commercial success, and another at the social life of the people who inhabit the country, their wages, homes, amusements, customs, religion, and the general complexion of their lives.

We get, for example, a picture of the first kind that cannot be beaten in Mr. Hall's "Pilgrimage of British Farming" (Murray). Mr. Hall's qualifications to approach and criticize agriculture as it is carried on are known to everybody. Everything that he has to say on such a subject will be studied with great respect and interest. His readers follow him on his rural rides with the eager curiosity of those who look for a verdict at last on questions that are infinitely interesting and

important. The verdict, too, when it comes, is in general reassuring. Mr. Hall thinks that the modern landowner is lacking in leadership, and that the Coke of Norfolk breed is extinct; he thinks also that the general education of most farmers is deficient, and that land agents are better qualified as solicitors or accountants than as farmers. But of the men who farm single farms, say, from 150 to 500 acres, he reports that it would be very hard for the most enlightened and scientific expert to show a good example of this class how to improve his business. "His actual husbandry is generally beyond reproach: it might perhaps be cheapened by newer machines, and a little courage in straightening boundaries and throwing fields together; his choice of seed and manures is sound, if somewhat traditional and conservative, and the feeding of his stock is not susceptible of any revolutionary reform." If education is still deficient, they are much better even in this respect than they were twenty years ago.

Mr. Hall's account of farming in different parts of the country is invaluable as an authentic record of agricultural methods, but everybody who reads it will want to know a good deal more about the country than he sets out to tell them. There are touches indeed in his picture that prompt the reader's curiosity and desire for further details. Mr. Hall says, for example, that the laborer is often underpaid, that he has long hours and no holidays, and that he is more likely to put his boy on the railway than leave him to live the life of his father. If we want to understand an age or a civilization, we have to grasp the conditions of life for the mass of people—the sort of subject that historians have been too apt to dismiss in a few pages of generalization at the end of a chapter. And now that everybody is beginning to inquire into such subjects, we begin to see how closely the problems of village life are related to the mistakes that were due to neglect of this side of life in the past. The pages of two admirable books that have lately been published, "The Problems of Village Life," by Mr. E. N. Bennett (Home University Library, Williams & Norgate), and "The Land Problem," by "Home Counties" (The Nation Library, Collins), are full of the consequences of forgetting the needs of human nature in classes that could not defend themselves. The fact that stands out in any careful picture of village life is its devitalizing atmosphere, and it is devitalizing because the upper classes took all the elements of life or hope out of it. Mr. Bennett points out, for example, how little amusement there is for the laborer—so little indeed that it is generally supposed that the sport of the upper classes is his chief entertainment. There was a time when the village population had sports and pastimes of their own and leisure to enjoy them. As Mr. Harben has pointed out in "The Rural Problem," the present long hours of the agricultural laborer came in with the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Bennett writes that his hours are longer than they were in the reign of Elizabeth, about three centuries ago. Unfortunately, the upper classes took it into their heads that amusements were bad for the laborer. One reason given for enclosing the commons was that the laborers were sometimes known to reply, when the farmer wanted them to work, that they had to take their horses to be shod, that they might carry them to a horse-race or a cricket match. Then came, too, the crusade of Wilberforce and others against dances, shows, plays, and other diversions that seemed wicked to magistrates of a certain kind, who thought that whenever a laborer was not employed in the fields he ought to be pursuing religious exercises. They contrived even to

damage a good cause, like the abolition of bull-baiting, by the use of arguments that seemed to imply that the laborer ought to be regarded as his master's serf. To-day the laborer is left with nothing but the public-house, and the idea of many reformers is to deprive him of that as well.

"Home Counties" gives an interesting analysis of the contents of two weekly newspapers to show what a much more intelligent set of readers the Scottish newspaper has in view than the newspaper in the South of England. Some of the causes, at any rate, belong to history. For "Home Counties" tells us that the best thing that could happen to many village schools in England would be to be burnt down. As everybody knows, the battle to get any education at all for the English village was a hard one, and it is not surprising that the dislike or the indifference of the upper classes has left its mark for generations on the education of the English villages. Scotland has had an advantage there, and she has had another, for, as "Home Counties" observes, the higher wages of Scotland may be due in part to the fact that she escaped the Speenhamland system. The townsman is often rated for his ignorant generalizations about the country, and for his inability to understand the different conditions in different parts of England. If you knew all about Hodge of the Fens, says "Home Counties," one's knowledge would stand one in poor enough stead in discussing the laborers of Devonshire or of the Border. This, of course, is true. It is true of wages, of customs, of food, of houses, and of men and women. "No conceivable law of political economy," says Mr. Bennett, "accounts for the fact that the laborers of Devonshire receive 17s. 9d. a week, and those of Oxfordshire 14s. 11d., all included. Usage, history, precedent, play their part as well as influences of race and climate." William Marshall said that the laborers of Norfolk were as good as any in England in his day, and a Yorkshireman would not make that statement for fun. Probably few people who move from the town into the country find the state of things really what they expected, but probably fewer find them better than they supposed. Two facts will take some of them by surprise in a county very near London. The townsman is apt to think that the agricultural laborer is a man who has many hardships, but has at least regular work. He finds on going out of London that the agricultural laborer is sent home on a wet day, and that he probably loses a couple of months in the winter. He is thrown out of work at the very time when there is nothing to do in his allotment if he has one. Irregular work and no holidays is a feature of his employment, and this is particularly the case in the worst counties. Then, again, the townsman thinks of the laborer as able to help out his poor wage by keeping fowls and a pig. Mr. Wilson Fox valued this source of income at 1s. 3d. a week or so. But in some country villages where the sanitary laws are administered in a fussy spirit, the keeping of poultry or pigs is forbidden, except under conditions that are prohibitive for a laborer; now that the Elizabethan law, giving him four acres to his cottage no longer runs. "In this place," said a laborer's wife to the writer, "if any man wants to improve himself in any way, there is always something to stop him, and of the men who don't leave the village few ever leave the public-house."

THE STONES OF ROME.

WHEN one learns that a novelist has written an epic, or that a master of chamber-music has essayed an opera or a choral symphony, there is a shade of scepticism in

one's hopes and expectations. It may have been with something of this feeling that Mr. Muirhead Bone's admirers saw the announcement of his Italian drawings. His past achievement was masterly indeed, but it was not catholic. One thought of his drawing as perhaps the most individual work which any British artist has produced in our generation. It flouts no traditions; it makes no hazardous experiments. One may place his powerful yet sensitive etchings beside a Rembrandt, and forget, if the subject will allow it, that centuries lie between them. But their feeling was never classical; they used to suggest anything rather than an Italian inspiration. From the first series of Glasgow prints onward, they were at their strongest and best a song of modern industry, a pæan to the courage which bends steel to its desire, and works its will with stone. One fancied Mr. Bone standing before a half-finished ship or a railway-station in course of reconstruction as Blake stood before the fearful symmetry of the tiger. He had taught us to see new things, so that the ring of a riveter's hammer, or the rumble of carts about a demolished building in the Strand, called up before our eyes the intricate lines, the busy harmony, the triumphant combination of motion with stability in one of his dry-points. An astronomer sees a new star, and forthwith all may see it. That is the mission of genius. He had seen the manly beauty of the labor by which the mason and the engineer fling up their masses against a London sky, or with a prodigal's confidence tear down the monument that had resisted time. We have forgotten, thanks to him, that there ever was a day when a scaffolding would have seemed tedious, and our eyes would have seen no glory in the gulf of some busy pit where men and horses hurry amid an orderly confusion to lay the foundations of a great pile. For the rest he had taught us, in his more romantic and fanciful moods, the occult meaning and the human drama of some naked Georgian house in a slum near Euston, or the tragic and gloomy beauty of a dark close in the old purlieus of Glasgow. He went about the world with a wilful and personal vision. Its common beauties did not arrest him, and no crowd found him admiring. If he went to draw at Oxford, one might be sure that he would find some little old stable under Magdalen towers. If he started for Westminster Abbey, he would encounter a scaffolding in Whitehall.

Mr. Bone has gone to Rome and Venice, and he has come back with a portfolio rich in drawings of the great things which the crowd admires—the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Vatican, and even the Dógana at Venice. It is a new epoch in his work, not so much because he has turned from the dock-yards of Glasgow and the scaffoldings of London to the buildings of Italy, but even more because he has stood boldly in the file and measured his own stature against others. He comes from the test triumphant. One thinks no longer of the novelist who fails in his epic, or the maker of songs who misconstrues a symphony. Mr. Bone has turned to the familiar classical subjects, and the stimulus has only served to make his work stronger than ever, while it remains no less defiantly individual. The drawings in Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach's gallery are in many media, many styles, and many moods, and one realizes that if there was a highly personal choice of subject and an idiosyncrasy of manner in his earlier works, experience and maturity have made him a master with a range far outside any manner or mannerism. One marvels at the patient minuteness, the fidelity which might seem laborious if it were not so happy and so generous, of his pencil drawings of the Castle of St.

Angelo. But on another wall there are drawings of shipping and buildings at Venice which might recall in their swiftness and delicacy of selection an impression by Cézanne. He gives way to the appeal of simple grace in his two pencil drawings at Orvieto. A turbulent scene of building and demolition in Rome reveals, under a clear Italian sky, his old passion for movement and the straight significant lines of scaffolding, and incidentally tempts him to a singularly happy combination of color with pencil drawing.

The lover of perfect work will find in all these pencil drawings, and in the few dry-points in this exhibition, enough to delight him by the mere supremacy of their technical achievement. But it is no cold skill of handiwork, marvellous as that is, which makes the appeal of Mr. Bone's work. One felt the romantic in him even when he drew stables and scaffoldings, dock-yards and railway-stations. He has given way to this impulse in some of these Italian drawings with a new boldness and largeness. Hitherto he was a realist who delighted, in a half-whimsical mood, to take his obscure fragment of modern fact, and illuminate it until one felt coerced or tricked into admitting with a shudder or a smile, the terror or the beauty of it. Here in Italy he has not sought to coerce or trick us. He has gone to the very things that any tourist feels to be romantic, to handle them with a power of suggestion which is only the more masterly because it involves a preliminary sweeping away of the commonplace romance and the obvious picturesque. It would be a fascinating problem in aesthetics to analyze the effect of some of these drawings. One is not puzzled by the colossal masses of masonry, the shadow of the flying buttress, and the tremendous archway in his pastel of the walls of Perugia. It is the force, the gloom, the interrogative suggestion of this giant's gateway which intimidates by its terrific megalomania. But what is the secret of the dark lane in Orvieto? A wonderful wall, whose pencilled blackness has indeed a luxurious variety, a door in the wall, and that is all. Why does it suggest tragedy and some human secret within its forbidding stones? Is it because a door is always in architecture a sign of interrogation, a symbol of the unknown? And is the secret of the drawing simply the cunning by which the door is lighted, so that out of the blackness it launches its question at you? One shrinks from putting into words the suggestion of that mysterious drawing of the Vatican. The curve of the colonnade, the flat surface of the street, the caprice of artificial light on a murky evening, and amid it all a carriage waiting; there is no more. But we think somehow of Borrow's Man in Black, and the awful secrets of the Papacy. Heine, we fancy, would have told a tale about a rainy night in the Via Ripetta at Rome, which Mr. Bone has recorded in chalk and dry-point. But it is perhaps that fantastic composition, entitled "*Passeggiata Archeologica*," which shows most consciously the workings of this romantic mood. Some witches' carnival has lit the Colosseum; the obelisk has gone walking on its elephant, and men on horseback are engaged among the ghostly ruin in crimes which baffle conjecture. The stones of Rome have done for Mr. Bone what they did for Piranesi. He invents while he sees. He composes while he copies. The romance which is to others a passive sentiment, has become in him a creative and constructive impulse.

THE APRIL GARDENER.

WE have such stores of ambition to pour into every runlet that all faculties have been specialized to an astonishing

pitch, and somewhat to the discouragement of the ordinary man. Never have some men kicked a football with such astonishing precision, and, therefore, never have the generality of men so neglected that game as a practice, to follow it as a spectacle. Cricket has gone almost as far out of reach of the ordinary man, and the arts of painting, photography, and many others call for a whole-hearted apprenticeship if they are to yield satisfactory fruit. It is something like a scheme of evolution from which the lower links have all disappeared, leaving a great gulf fixed between success and failure. Ninety-nine undergraduates become extinct, and the last one soars into a superman. We seek a ladder with all the rungs intact, whereon we may clamber each to his own satisfaction a little or a great way, the top, or, at any rate, some of its rewards within easy reach of any of us, and the bottom no long way from the top.

Angling is one of such pursuits, the big fish sometimes condescending to hang himself on the string line of the small boy rather than on the fine gut of the finished fisherman. Gardening is another, and that within the reach of any of us, however remote we may be from the nearest river, lake, or sea. We may begin just where we will, with a packet of cress that will most miraculously become salad, or with an African marigold, bought in bud, that will fill a flower-pot as gorgeously as the rarest orchid. And we may go as far as we will by just tracing backward and forward the natural laws that we see express themselves in the unfolding of a nasturtium seed. Our Madonna lilies may be arcades of beauty, because they have been placed in the sun and treated lovingly, while those of the clever gardener have been destroyed by a little too much attention. We may, by combined luck and native skill, produce a hybrid primula or saxifrage that will make us famous among horticulturists. In any event, our hobby will give us rewards by geometrical progression and by compound interest, for that is the manner of the earth's increase.

Just now we are all gardeners. As Mr. Hadfield Farthing says in his very welcome new book, "The Week-end Gardener" (Grant Richards), "With the arrival of Easter, the average amateur gardener wakes with a start from his winter somnolence. He proceeds vigorously to dig his small vegetable plot, and to plant a few hardy perennials in his long, straight border." Some of the adjectives in the last sentence are unnecessarily censorious, but the main point of the statement is true enough, that we must begin our gardening operations long before April if we are to get full satisfaction out of them. This book, of course, gives an operation for every week-end of the year. If every one were ten week-ends, it would perhaps not be hard to find something to do that would bring its reward. That might be true even of the open air in our equable island climate; but the gardener soon adds to his domain the cold frame, the hot bed, the greenhouse, and the hot-house, not to mention the dark cupboard for forcing sea-kale and rhubarb, the sprouting-box for potatoes, a corner of the kitchen for winter-sown seeds, the bulbs in bowls of peat and other homely contrivances for lengthening and extending the reign of Flora. It is too late when we have got the line out and the peas in paraffin to learn that the soil ought to have been dug three feet deep in November, or when we are overrun with slugs in May to find that we could have reduced them by 90 per cent. if we had declared war on them in March. There is not only a time for sowing and a time for reaping, but a time for putting on grease-bands, a time for root-pruning, a time for liming, for draining, for burning rubbish, and for planning next year's programme.

"He plants a few hardy perennials in his long straight border." Some prefer curving borders. We are not sure that all good gardeners do, but it is very likely that the April gardener does. Then he ought to have taken steps long ago to make his border waggly. The delight would have been infinitely greater of seeing one's own landscape break into beauty along the very lines one had planned on paper, and transferred to deeply-drained gravel and well-dug humus. And those perennials now planted. They are bought, ready grown, of course. We might as well adopt a grown son with his education finished. How much more exciting our own perennial from seed, some perhaps now to blossom for the first time, others long established and of historic value. These will be the joys of our April gardener another year. He is now filling gaps the best way he can, and at the same time sowing seed that will give flowers considerably more his own.

There is no reward like that of the seed; no work so fascinating as the sowing of those tiny atoms, the pricking out of seedlings just showing family character, and tending them until they can fend for themselves, and become bushes wherein the fowls of the air can build—to wit, the whitethroat or nettle-creeper, whose tiny family even *achillea* or *gypsophila* will support. There is seed-work for every grade of student. Nasturtium or sweet-pea buried an inch too deep or chance-dropped on the surface will ignore the mistake, and still yield its glad harvest. But some of our most beautiful flowers spring from dust almost microscopical. That under any circumstances it can germinate and win through is something of a miracle, and one worth demonstrating at the expense of a little care and thoroughness. Mr. Farthing instances tuberous-rooted begonias and gloxinias as especially worthy the attention of the careful culturist. From an eighteenpenny packet of begonia seed, we shall grow many shillings' worth of plants, and perhaps "by way of a lucky surprise," a few novelties equal to those sold at high prices. Yet no skill amounting to professional exclusiveness is required, only so much care as common sense might suggest for such tiny seed. The soil in the seed-pan must be nicely enlivened with sand, and the seed mixed with sand (colored sand we would suggest) to ensure its even distribution. The author insults that delicate instrument, the finger and thumb, by entrusting the broad-casting to a peppercorn. At any rate, the seed is sown. It is not covered, and cannot be watered, for the finest of roses would produce torrents to sweep the tiny germs to their graves in seas of mud. They must be refreshed in Nature's own best way, by capillary conveyance from an underground supply. The moisture is given to the soil before sowing, and kept there by a sheet of glass to prevent its too rapid evaporation. Our treasures grow as though in a dry April after a bountifully wet March.

To such refinement and still more interesting occupations, such as raising ferns from spores, the April gardener will come in time. Meanwhile, by the simplest methods, as much is possible to him in brilliance, tenderness, and fragrance as to the highest magician in exotics and rare hybrids. To take that same easily grown nasturtium. Mr. Farthing places it, not without justice, "at the head of all the annual climbers." We are not sure that he need have justified that statement by dwelling on the "improvement out of all knowledge" that has been bestowed upon it by expert florists, and upon the vogue that is now being accorded to it by fashion. There is nothing more sunny and cheerful than the clean round leaves of the happy *tropeolum* clambering in a blank space, and covering it in every inch with its own foil to the crimson, scarlet, or golden

blossoms. It is almost as hard to choose our tropeolums as our sweet peas, though the varieties are as yet far behind in number. The choice is enormous in all kinds, but more especially in the annuals. That makes the garden more fickle than it was. We tend to make a blank sheet of it every year, and then paint it for one summer only with all the colors that the seedsman's catalogue can promise us. This is not the fault (if fault it be) of the fair-weather gardener, who "wakes with a start at Easter," but the deliberate policy of the finished horticulturist, who has at command every appliance of propagation. We confess to a liking for a garden full of sweet and constant things that record the progress of each year by recalling the joys of those that are gone.

Short Studies.

A VISIT OF COURTESY.

It was a morning of sunshine and light breezes in the middle of the hay harvest. An uninitiated Saxon or an ignorant friend from "up the country" might have turned astonished eyes on the half-mown fields which were curiously bereft of man and maid. An almost universal stillness had settled down on the countryside since the long double line of men had marched away to the roll of drum and the flutter of banner, attended by the usual galaxy of beauty and fashion. It was the Twelfth of July, the one great high holiday of Ulster, when all the world and his wife go forth in brave attire to celebrate the victory of the Boyne.

After some hours of anxious devotion to her toilet, our maid had followed in the wake of the music, arrayed in a gown of fervent pink, and a large hat covered with archways of vivid roses. We were alone; we had the house to ourselves, and an Englishman's-home-is-his-castle kind of feeling took possession of us. We planned a long, quiet day in which we would lead the simple life, and eat and drink under the shadow of a haystack on the lawn.

About eleven o'clock I was in the kitchen deep in a cookery book when I heard a light, quick footfall in the passage, a flutter of skirts, a giggle, a familiar voice—

"God save ye all!"

"Kate!"

She ran across the floor with outstretched hands. "Didn't I get the day off like the rest of thim?" she cried incoherently, "and is it follyin' thim and their ould dhirms I'd be when I knew that *she* would be off pleasin' herself, lavin' you with the work to do, and the chickens on your hands, and the young turkeys reconnoitrin' God knows where? What would I be doin', I said to meself, but comin' back to me ould mather and me misthress, and takin' care of the house till that young woman returns?"

"Oh, Kate, I am so glad to see you —"

"And you'll be givin' me your best blouses and things," she went on breathlessly, "that you wouldn't be afther trustin' to the other wan, and I'll chase them through a dhrop of water for you, and be doin' thim up in the latest manner of fashion. And it's in your arm-chairs you'll be sittin' this day, and not movin' hand or foot, and *me* here to attend you!"

By this time the echoes of her shrill staccato had brought other members of the household hurrying kitchenwards. She turned to each one with the same abandon and heartiness of greeting, and literally laughed and cried by turn.

"The misthress stands it lovely!" she exclaimed, drying her eyes, "the mather stands it lovely—may he live to be two hundred! Ye all stand it lovely! I'm in me own home again, so I am!" and to celebrate the event she caught the cat up in her arms, and danced a Longford extravaganza round the kitchen.

"And there's me ould scullery!" Her voice was laden with reminiscences. She darted through the door for a moment, presumably for the sake of other days, but in reality to run her finger round the nearest saucepan—an action which expressed grave distrust of her successor in office.

Before long we were given to understand that our absence was greatly desired, for Kate (who had taken matters into her own hands, and spoke and acted as if she had never left the house) was consumed with anxiety to show us how marvellously she had progressed in the art of cookery. Time and secrecy, she hinted, were necessary for her talents to display themselves fully, and the result would be such a compound of deliciousness and grandeur that she could only assure us we would "die with the atin'!"

I made many efforts to reach the door, having been requested more than once to "emigrate myself along that passage," but each time I was followed by an avalanche of questions as to the doings and sayings of the neighborhood, or regaled with dramatic items of news which she assured me were the very latest things spoken of along the boglands, and by the turf fires of a certain corner of Longford. I vacillated with lamentable weakness, while Kate ordered me to go, and in the same breath held me fascinated by her old light-hearted exuberance and careless ease of speech.

At last I reached the end of the long passage, and remembering sundry bygone lapses, called down to her:—

"Kate, is the oven hot?"

"Bedad, it would roast a Protestant!" she called back cheerfully, "let alone a leg of lamb. Now, will you run away and contint yourself, dear," and for the next couple of hours the kitchen premises were wrapped in a mystery and a silence that was broken only by occasional snatches of "Granuaile."

At lunch she was in her most irrepressible mood. Her occasional lapses into a strange and painful decorum were too short-lived to be worthy of record, and she could not bring herself to go out of the room for a moment without the smiling and inevitable "God bless you!" over her shoulder. It was something to be handed a dish of glorified potatoes with an urgent "take a handful of chips, daughter!" breathed in one's ear, and it was more to be assured that nothing was to be feared from the vegetables, for there was "neither dead nor livin' in thim!" In spite of a weird-looking soufflé, the lunch was excellently cooked and served, and if the first mouthful of hastily improvised soup made one think maddeningly of clear springs and cool waters, what of that when Kate stood in the background with smiling lips, and eyes that shone and sparkled joyously under the straight brows?

After lunch, our visitor continued to treat us all as children, or at least, incapables. We wrangled amiably over the washing of dishes, and the feeding of chickens, and afterwards her suggestion that we should "hyst our sails" and take a turn round the garden met with a ready response.

"Is the other wan good to you, darlin'?" she began anxiously, when we were seated on a bench below the beech hedge. "Does she do iverything you tell her on the minute, and can you get any panceable pleasure out of her at all?" I reassured her.

"Of course," she said, and there was a shade of wistful inquiry in her voice, "of course, she couldn't be knowin' all the little odd quarresses of you, and the notions of you the way I would be knowin' thim, but if she isn't attintive to you, it's black curses I'll be —"

"Please, don't, Kate, but tell me all about yourself instead." For in spite of a couple of letters by no means lacking in color and vivacity, I knew there was still a wealth of picturesque detail of which I was hopelessly ignorant. "You wrote to me about some place where there were a lot of children, didn't you?"

"The lady in the rigistry office sent me to a place where there was eight of a young family!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You moight say I put up a prayer for her! I thried from morning till night, but God knows I did not keep thim young children composed."

Knowing from experience the genius she possessed

for driving composure out of any atmosphere, I was not surprised.

"And afther that I went to two ladies—singles—but I didn't intrude on thim long."

"Oh! How was that?"

"Well, the youngest wan, she was a great singer, and wan mornin' I was clanin' the dhrawing-room window, and she was standin' at the piano singin', and the ould wan, she was playin' for her. I was sittin' on the window-sill lookin' in at them, and there was me brave Miss Minnie singin' away, and takin' great stretches out of her mouth the way she would be destroyin' herself with the laughin'. And didn't I think she was laughin' at me, and I laughed back at her, and they said I was impident. Then she would rise on her toes to let the screech out of her, and wan day I had the misfortune to ask her was she sound on her legs —"

"Oh, Kate, was that kind?"

"Well, if ever you seen a rabbit chewing a turnip you seen her singin'," said Kate with unrepentant laughter. "Her teeth —"

"Never mind her teeth. What happened next?"

"Oh, I went to a very grand place afther that," she said proudly. "There was quare cookin' there, I'm tellin' you. Many a time I would be heart-scalded with visitors comin' thick, and me havin' to keep two ovens goin', and soup simperin' at the side, and makin' puddin's of all shapes and attitudes! When I be readin' in the papers about the quality that be running to the doctors to get themselves opened for some grand disorder, I be thinkin' mebbe it's the atin' they do, God help thim!"

I leaned back among the beech-leaves and fell into silent and unconquerable laughter, while my companion, lost in mournful reflections, stared straight across the valley.

"There's great thrassic in their insides intoirely," she remarked at length, "but as you're afther sayin', it was good practice for me cookin', and so it was." I had not spoken, but Kate had a novel and engaging method of filling up the blanks in a conversation, and I hastened to corroborate the statement with what remnants of speech were left me.

"Och, yes, but I lost heart. If the masther or misthress had sometimes put their head round the kitchen door and said, 'that was a terrible fine dinner, Kate!' I'd have been as happy as the larks twirlin' over me head, but when they had finished atin', they jist legged it up the stairs, and sat on their two chairs till Mary Thompson brought thim up their coffee. And besides," she admitted, "there was an ould divil of a gardener, and you couldn't turn in your skin for him tellin' on you."

"I wish you would tell me about Terence," I said presently, as we strolled round the garden. "I have heard nothing of him for a long time."

"That puts it into me head," and Kate laid her hand suddenly on my arm, "when are you comin' down to spend a week with me and little Katty (that's me mother), in the County Longford? It's many a long day since you promised me that. Sure, I hear Paddy Murphy is gettin' wan of his daughters married at Hollandtide—(God knows it's toime! she was gettin' onaisy when I was a little lump at the school!)—and there'll be grand goin's on, and a welcome for you everywhere."

"How very kind of you, Kate —"

"And you'll be afther seein' what a weddin' is like up our soide," she continued eagerly. "There'll be thirty cars at it if there's wan, and plenty to ate and drink—a soide of bacon and a barrel of porther and plenty of speerits. You'll be comin' with me, dear?" According to the custom of polite society in difficult circumstances, I murmured something which might have been anything.

"Oh, it's not a could counthry like this at all!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "You'd meet with conversable people at ivery turn of the road, and I'll presint you to Terence."

"I should love that! Do tell me about him, Kate."

"Och, is it Terence? Many a time when I be

talkin' to somebody else I be thinkin' of poor Terence that's far away!"

"But you don't really care for anyone else?"

"Is it me care for a Belfast boy?" A pair of scornful grey-green eyes were turned on me, "and thim with the manners they have on thim! What would I be afther doin' but takin' a Sunday out of thim now and then when I have the heart for it? I be mindin' the time when I first came up to Belfast, and was livin' on the Newtonards Road, and I would be goin' into the shop and askin' the young boy behind the counter for a pound of tay, and he would be sayin', 'Excuse me, miss,' and 'Excuse me, miss,' and gettin' me to say it half-a-dozen times over, the way he would be makin' game of the sthrange tongue I had on me. At last wan day I went into the shop, and I said to him, 'Will-you-give-me-a-pound-of-TAY, if you plaze?' and he cocked his bit of an ear at me, and said he, 'Excuse me, miss.' 'Come on, me bould lad!' said I, and I started, and gave him a narration, and I'm tellin' you"—a pause—"I put the fear of God in that young boy, and him with little more nor wan eye!"

"Poor fellow!"

"The ugly, ill-visaged, impident little cock-sparrow!" she exclaimed wrathfully, "he was in a holy terror the way his shirt would be drinched on him with the could sweat he was in! Faith, I soon put manners on him!"

"But do tell me about Terence. Has he written to you lately?"

"Isn't he always writin' to me, and pestherin' me about comin' back, and gettin' married, and settlin' meself down," she replied in an aggrieved tone, "he wants a woman to look after the house—and he'll come to meet me half-way—and he has no rest by day or by night for the hunger that be's on him to see the beauty of me face (God forgive him!)—Your affectionate true love, Terence Maguire."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I sent him a postcard with the poorhouse on it."

"But didn't you write?"

"I wrote to him at Christmas."

"And this is July! Do you mean to tell me you haven't written to him since Christmas?"

"Oh, divil a line!" and Kate shook her head sorrowfully.

"But, Kate, I can't believe it of you! Just think of poor Terence waiting for you all these months, and watching the post for a letter, and you've never even written! I didn't think you could be so cruel —"

"Arrah, daughter —" in a soothing tone.

"If Terence didn't write to you for six months, I wonder what you'd have to say of him! I'm ashamed of you —"

"Och, will ye whisht!" We had come round the corner of the house within sound of the drawing-room windows. Someone was playing inside, and Kate, with her passion for music, had in an instant forgotten everything. She stood with uplifted face, listening, and there crept into her eyes that curious, detached look I had seen there at the most odd, incongruous moments.

"It makes me think of me soul," she said simply when the music ceased.

"Do you ever play the concertina now?"

"Och, sometimes, when the family's out, and I get lonesome for you all, I go up to me room and play, 'Follow me round the garden,' or the Dublin jig—an ould favorite."

"Ah, Kate, isn't it someone else you get lonesome for, and not us at all?"

She laughed. "Indeed there be times," she said, "and me goin' down the sthreet—and something comes over me—and it's not the hard pavements of Belfast I be walkin', I'm tellin' you, or the hard voices of the people about me I be hearin'—but it's the far fields of Longford I be thravellin' when the sun is low!"

"You will be sure to write to him to-morrow?" I said as we turned indoors.

"This very night," she promised readily.

Late in the evening we parted sorrowfully.

Kate's leave-takings have the effect of making one

dazed and breathless, but I am conscious that in the space of a few minutes we lived through a tornado of tears, laughter, hand-shakings, and wild protests of affection and farewell; and then we watched her as she went down the drive with light, springing step.

In the shadow of the laurels by the gate something moved. As she drew near, it seemed to take life and shape and animation, and finally to resolve itself into a being who, in the words of the immortal Buz-fuz, "bore all the outward semblance of a man."

Kate had provided herself with an escort.

A. ROMILLY WHITE.

Letters from Abroad.

THE CRISIS IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To understand the political crisis in Japan arising out of the recent revelations or allegations of corruption in the navy, it must be borne in mind that the clan system is still very powerful in that country. Since the overthrow of the Shogunate and the restoration of the Emperor to nominal power in 1868, the two dominant clans of Choshu and Satsuma have been the real rulers. Had one or the other been supreme, there is but little doubt that the Shogunate would have been revived, possibly with a new name as a concession to prejudice. But the power of these two clans being fairly equal, they agreed, sub-consciously rather than consciously, to share the fruits of victory. To Satsuma fell the control of the navy, to Choshu that of the army. As time went on, and constitutional government began to be developed, considerable jealousy was evinced between the two arms of the service. A year ago, when the Cabinet of Prince Katsura, representing in the main the Choshu or army faction, was struggling against popular hostility, it received no support from the Satsuma or navy men. On the fall of the Katsura Cabinet, it was succeeded by an administration in which Admiral Count Yamamoto, a Satsuma man, was Premier, and the Satsuma faction predominant. Now that the Yamamoto Cabinet in turn is assailed by popular fury because of revelations of corrupt practices prevailing in the navy, it not only fails to receive support from the army men, but the party organized by the late Prince Katsura, and now led by Count Goto, joins with its fiercest critics in denunciation.

These facts should be borne in mind when considering the present situation in Japan. They explain much that at first sight seems obscure, as, for example, the reduction by the House of Peers of the Naval Programme by £4,000,000, in addition to the lopping off of £3,000,000 by the Lower House. The explanation simply is that the Choshu clan is much stronger in the Upper House than the Satsuma clan, and desires to overthrow the present Ministry as well as to aim a blow at the navy as the Satsuma preserve. Certainly in the matter of freedom from corruption, the army has no higher reputation than the navy. Since the war with China in 1894 brought in the era of huge contracts for supplies, corruption in places high and low, in the army as well as the navy, has been a constant theme of the Japanese newspapers. Even Prince Katsura and Count Goto have repeatedly been the butt of sarcastic comment, because of the wealth acquired in spite of the small salaries attached to the offices filled.

The difficulty, of course, has always been the matter of evidence. In the case of the navy, evidence that corruption in some form or other does exist has been supplied in a curious way. A man named Richter, typist in the German firm of Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert, suppliers chiefly of electrical plant to the navy, came into the possession of certain documents alleged to incriminate high naval officials and to show that they had been receiving bribes. With these documents in his possession, he attempted to blackmail the firm, and demanded payment of a large sum of money. After negotiation through a third party, acting in the interests of the

German firm, a cheque was made out for £25,000, but for some reason was not cashed, only a sum for a smaller amount reaching the hands of the holder of the documents. Richter then returned to Germany, was there arrested, convicted of blackmail, and sentenced to imprisonment, but the Court took into consideration, as mitigating circumstances, the "illegitimate manipulations" of the firm. The news of this trial aroused immense excitement in Japan, especially a phrase in one of the firm's stolen letters to the effect that if a certain Japanese official persisted in offering objections to work done, he must be removed. Called upon in the Diet for an explanation, the Minister for the Navy admitted that in November he had been informed by Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert that certain documents affecting the honor of the navy had been stolen from their office, and of the sum paid to recover them, but he denied that these documents implicated high officials in the navy. Nevertheless, he consented to a Naval Commission being appointed. Indeed, it is probable that the Government would have preferred a reference of the whole matter to this Naval Commission, and acceptance of its decision as a settlement, but the judiciary, who have under their control the machinery for investigation into suspected crimes, and who with their poor salaries are credited with resenting the ease with which politicians and members of the services amass fortunes, acted so promptly that the Naval Commission became superfluous, and was dissolved. Mr. Herrmann, the manager of Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert, was arrested and examined. Mr. Pooley, Reuter's correspondent, was also arrested on a charge of complicity in the blackmail charges; he was lodged in prison on January 30th, subjected to secret examinations at which he had no legal aid, and was denied bail because, the Procurator naïvely explained, he refused to confess. Latest news is to the effect that Mr. Pooley has now been released on heavy bail. A Japanese employé of the firm of Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert, after being closely examined, has committed suicide, and thus escaped further merciless ordeals of this character. As the result, apparently, of information extracted from this man, several highly-placed officials in the navy have been arrested, together with the managing director of a most influential Japanese firm of Government contractors, representatives of British and other firms, supplying the navy, are under examination, domiciliary searches have been made in widely separated places, and each day the circle of suspicion and incrimination grows wider.

Nevertheless, the House of Representatives has refused by a substantial majority to pass a vote of censure on the Ministry, which represents a compromise with the numerically strongest party in the Diet, by which certain of its representatives are given office in what would otherwise be a purely clan Government. In deference to public opinion, the leaders of this party approved of a proposal to cut down the naval programme, but refused to go the length of withdrawing support from Admiral Yamamoto. Bitter resentment was aroused inside and outside the House of Representatives by such half-hearted measures. Within the Chamber tumult and unruly scenes, culminating in personal assaults, have marked the daily sessions; outside the mob has been with difficulty prevented from rushing the police and wrecking the buildings. Excited public meetings are being held daily in the open air and within doors, addressed by orators in violent language. The Press thunders almost unanimously against the scandals, and is full of charges against the Ministry and the men arrested, quite oblivious of the fact that the accused have yet to be tried and heard in their defence.

Not all this indignation is sincere. Business in Japan, large and small, is permeated by the vice of commissions, given and received. This is not a practice introduced by the West to an unsophisticated people. Present-giving or commissions is no new thing in Japan. For centuries every small and expectant official has considered it necessary to make a handsome present at stated times to his superior, and from this it is a small step to paying commissions to influence business or encourage contracts, or to induce a sympathetic attitude on the part

of examining officials when deliveries are made. The adoption of a high protective tariff on the one hand and a system of bounties on the other have further demoralized public life. Only two or three years ago a dozen members of the Diet were convicted of acceptance of bribes in connection with a scheme for establishing a Government monopoly in sugar. Nor have Ministers hesitated to adopt the methods of Walpole in appeasing criticism and hostility in the Diet. But the most fertile source of the demoralization of Japanese public life has been the temptation offered by huge contracts for armament material and the competition of rival firms. It is not surprising that the revelations made in the Richter case, confirming suspicions that have been rife for years, should have caused an explosion. The people have been adjured on high grounds of patriotism to bear with patience a taxation that has been doubled since the war with Russia. Retrenchment has not lightened the burden upon the people, the savings being swallowed up by armaments and more armaments. It is still true to-day that the Japanese people pay, in direct and indirect taxation, some 35 per cent. of their income to the State—an estimate made a year or two after the war by a distinguished Japanese expert in the service of the Government, who seemed rather pleased that the amount was not greater. All the time the cost of living has been steadily rising, while a higher standard of comfort is now demanded. A year ago the people overthrew the most powerful statesman in Japan, almost before his administration had settled itself in office, because he was believed to favor army expansion. To-day they are using the revelations of naval corruption to destroy a Ministry that aims incidentally at expansion of the navy. The Japanese people have travelled far from the days of virtual serfdom that prevailed little more than forty years ago. Unfortunately, their leaders of capacity are few and un-influential, and the intense heat of indignation is apt to burn out without effecting remedy. But the growth of public opinion due to the extension of education is now a force to be reckoned with, and must materially influence the future public life of Japan.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT YOUNG.
Editor, "Japan Chronicle."

P.S.—Since the above was in type, the expected fall of the Yamamoto Cabinet has become an accomplished fact. Within a space of little more than a year, two Ministries, representative respectively of the two most powerful clans in Japan, and of forces that have dominated Japan for forty-five years, have fallen, as the result of popular hostility, aided by internecine struggles for supremacy. Militarism in Japan, the growth of which culminated in virtual dictatorship in the years immediately subsequent to the war with Russia, has received a blow from which it will recover with difficulty. With the fall of the Ministry, the Budget, with its increased appropriations for the navy, is destroyed, and by a provision of the law, the Budget of the previous year is in such case continued in operation. An attempt will probably be made to form a Coalition Government, drawn from the various parties in the Diet, but, owing to the bitterness of feeling between the different factions, intensified by recent events, the task will prove difficult, and such a Ministry is likely to be of short duration. For the first time since the Constitution was proclaimed in 1889, Japan is face to face with the problem of popular government.

Communications.

DE-HUMANIZING ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The dramatic critic of the "English Review," speaking this month in kindly, albeit tempered, appreciation of the new staging of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy, finds one fly in the Barker-cum-Wilkinson ointment—the asexuality of Puck. A closer inspection might have shown that it was no fly, but one of the constituent

essences of the malefic salve whose sickly perfume, fragrant and intoxicating, bids fair to poison the muse of Painting, Poetry, and the Drama.

For the Barker or the Gordon Craig methods, when carried to their logical issue, spell but one word, and that word is decadence. Let us take the words of the spokesman of this movement for the reform of the theatre: "To save the theatre," says Mr. Craig, "the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague." In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" we saw the first step towards this happy consummation. Indubitably, the actors and actresses were "killed," one and all, overwhelmed by their subjection to the *mise-en-scène*, stifled by their symbolic garments, until the words that they uttered and their very voices became an impertinence which destroyed the illusion and spoilt the "picture."

For this conception of the theatre in the terms of the decorative artist, this view of the actors and actresses which takes as its paramount consideration the character of the "pattern" that they are forming upon the stage, can in the end have but one issue—the banishment of the human element altogether from the boards. Nor has this eventuality been overlooked by Mr. Craig, who has at least the courage to pursue his theories to what most people would consider a *reductio ad absurdum*. He welcomes the catastrophe as an opportunity for the introduction of a species of über-marionette, whose precise character is not yet determined, but is, we understand, to form one of the discoveries of the future. This "being," we are assured, will be able to perform his part unhampered by the disturbing influence of personal emotions, and our admiration is enlisted on behalf of this automaton who can pursue his part unmoved by the thunderous applause of an enthusiastic house, or by the hoots and jeers of an unsympathetic audience. Thus, under the plea of idealizing the stage, we are to be led gently on until, unwittingly, we have reached a point where the stage has become dehumanized.

We are living at the moment in a period of reaction against realism. We are still, perhaps, far from the crest of the wave; the old realistic masters are not yet discredited, though their stars sink rapidly towards the horizon. But everywhere, on every hand, in Painting, Sculpture, the Drama, the cry is being raised: "Let us have no more imitation, but, instead, representation."

So far I have no fault to find with the programme; in its initial stage, the movement is a healthy one. There is no more sterile phase into which art can lapse than that of realism. But what the reformers seem unable to realize is that opposite this Scylla lies a no less fatal Charybdis, where art, becoming devalitized, dissolves in nihilism. For the revolt against realism very easily becomes confused with, and degenerates into, a revolt against Nature—as though Nature and realism were the same thing. And eventually we have the utterly unnatural and abhorrent held up to us as the fine flower of idealism.

Starting out with the fixed determination not to imitate Nature at any price, these reformers end by banishing her altogether from their art, and in her place substituting—artifice. Into this abyss of nihilism the advanced artists of all the arts seem intent on hurrying us.

We have the apostles of Unanimism in France, poets who find their inspiration in the inorganic world on such themes as water, dust, a road, a street—and this, be it remembered, without any symbolic meaning behind it. No; it is the material water "writhing in iron corsets" into whose passions they enter, the material street on whose behalf our sympathies are to be enlisted. We have the Post-Impressionists in their extremist section relegating the human interest to the background in their preoccupation with the blind forces of speed and energy. We have Marinetti, the spokesman of the Futurists, finding the suffering of an arc-lamp as intensely moving as the suffering of a man, and we have the exponents of the doctrine disintegrating the human anatomy, placing here a leg and there an eye, amalgamating it with and reducing it to the same plane as the inanimate background. And last, and terrible example, we have the Cubists, fanatics who, in a frenzied reaction from a photographic realism, have been driven to depict Nature in the no less material terms of boilers and stove-piping.

When we ask under what inspiration these reformers are moving, we have, in effect, some such reply as the

following: We are the men of the cities; anathema to us is the spirit of the country and of Nature; let us have artifice. So they find the art of Greece and the study of the nude alike distasteful—there is too much of the human organism in it; they look for beauty rather in the nerves, in the display of energy and movement.

Now what, when we come to examine it, is the city but the place of death—a mausoleum of the vanished centuries? In contrast to the country, which is immortal, being perpetually renewed, the city grows old and falls into decay. And the characteristic of the city is its hostility to Nature. In houses, animal life becomes an abortion, an unclean thing, whether it be insect or rodent. Flowers and trees wither before the soot from its chimneys; vegetation is entombed beneath the stones of its pavements, and in this artificial region man himself must inevitably perish were he not furnished by a system of transport with supplies from the realm of Nature. Under what form, then, shall we conceive of the spirit of this arid city? Surely, under the guise of some monstrous machine, with all a machine's unreasoning cruelty.

So do the reformers put themselves in line with the decadents of all ages, whose dislike of Nature and preference for artifice has been one of the first principles of their faith. The fulminations of Marinetti are but an echo of the thought of Nietzsche, the decadent philosopher, who was the first to lead us through the door of philosophy to that topsy-turvy kingdom made familiar by the decadent artists. There all conventional principles become mechanically inverted—hatred wears the mask of love; vice is exchanged for virtue; cruelty is preferred to sympathy, and artifice to Nature; while, as a natural result, a brooding *ennui* takes the place of the natural joy of life on the part of those who live there.

Thus, in this year of grace we find art assailed by a danger which has beset her in other periods of reaction from realism. It may be compared to the movement of the symbolist poets who, in their efforts to suggest, but never to say, anything, in their abhorrence of the definite and the actual, ended by becoming altogether unintelligible. It may be compared to the movement of a section of the Impressionists who, urged by similar motives, painted pictures which might mean anything—or nothing. And, like other decadent movements, it will have a like fate.

Yes; inevitably, decadent art must fall into deliquescence, and, if we question why, we have only to look at the source of its inspiration. For the genius of the decadent, isolated by its lack of sympathy with the surrounding world, remains unfertilized, and where it would seem to have created something, has but held up a mirror to its own countenance. And this magic kingdom of the decadents into which so many have sought to enter, is really Alice's kingdom at the other side of the looking-glass, and those who seek it the victims of a monstrous megalomania.

So we shall find that this new, egotistic art without humanity and without sex will never live. It violates our fundamental conception of art, which is a symbol, a message from one man to another. But the art of the reformers conveys no message; it merely talks prosily about itself.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD E. JONES.

26, Mornington Crescent, Regent's Park.

Letters to the Editor.

ULSTER AND THE ARMY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My commission, granted by Her most Gracious Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, reads: ". . . You are to observe and follow such orders, directions . . . as you shall receive from Us, or any your superior Officers, according to the rules and discipline of war, &c."

From this I gather I am a servant of the reigning sovereign, and so long as he consents to the action of the Government in power, so long I am bound to obey the orders of that Government.

In this country we have the anomaly of officers of the Army being politicians, and so long as it suits their views they may obey orders.

The case of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, given by a correspondent in the "Times," is not to the point; for when he refused to obey orders, a rebellion was in full swing.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. ELLISTON, Lt.-Col.

Merivale Lodge, Meyrick Road, Bournemouth.

March 25th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—So long as the Ulster "Volunteers" drilled and marched, but were left unnoticed by the Government, Liberals like myself refrained from asking the natural question: What was the object of this drilling and marching? Now we find that they have been tampering with our Army, and have sown the seed of indiscipline amongst its officers, there is not only no need to refrain, but very good reason why the question should be answered.

What was the object? Had the Home Rule Bill become an Act of Parliament, was it intended that these volunteers should shoot the tax-collectors, or were they intended to shoot the priests? Even Sir Edward Carson could never have dreamed that this few hundred thousand men could hold the whole Empire at bay unless they had at the back of their mind that they could tamper with the rank and file of English, Scottish, and Welsh soldiers, as they have done with some officers. But such a design calls for no half-measure, and it is clear that the Government had no suspicion that such a scheme was even dreamed of by the maddest of them. If Mr. Bonar Law's remarks in the House on the evening of the 23rd instant can be held to mean that from the first this was the plot, it is clear that the Government never believed it, and Liberals would be loth to believe that the Conservative Party, as a body, would at any time have approved what would only end in their destruction as a force in politics.

Yet what could be the object? Men do not drill and practise marches for nothing. It would not need soldiers for carrying into practice passive resistance to laws passed in Dublin. The Irish Parliament can have no effect on religion, nor can it either increase or decrease the number of Catholics or Protestants. Larger questions dealing with Empire are out of its purview, and the members sent into the Imperial Parliament from Ireland are there to look after Irish interests in the Empire. All the volunteers ever enrolled will never force an Urban Council to elect either a Protestant or a Catholic scavenger the community does not want, and as for roads and culverts and rights of way and local loans, these cannot be ordered at the point of the bayonet. It is easy to understand that the British public was thought to be impressed by pictures of drilling and marching. They have been so impressed, and very foolishly. At times a state of unreasoning panic has been imminent, and much money has been lost on the Stock Exchange through these pictures; still, the object of these Volunteers is to seek, unless—and this is the true point—it was intended that they should, after the army had been paralyzed, intimidate the peaceful citizens of the North of Ireland to the point of joining in a national appeal to withdraw the Home Rule Bill, and thus force a General Election and the destruction of the Parliament Act. The Government will be found to have checkmated this move, and will emerge from a storm of invective and abuse the saviors of our great Constitution, so nearly wrecked by a treasonable cabal calling itself "The Opposition."—Yours, &c.,

A GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

March 25th, 1914.

WHAT THE SECOND CHAMBER SHOULD BE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last number there is an article on "What the Second Chamber Should Be." I looked for practical suggestions, and am disappointed. The subject has for some years been one of deep interest with me, and I am come to the stage of asking: Is an efficient Second Chamber possible, and is it desirable?

I am in agreement with the writer in his dictum that "no Second Chamber, however constituted, must have any power to defeat or deflect the will of the people as conveyed through representation in the House of Commons." This

necessary condition, however, appears to me to render impossible the creation of a Second Chamber which shall be efficient, helpful, and useful.

When the House of Lords forced on the House of Commons a challenge of its status and its power, and the Parliament Act was passed, the power of a non-representative assembly to defeat or deflect popular legislation—that is to say, legislation by a representative assembly—was limited and defined. From this constitutional position there can be no going back without a revolution. The problem that presents itself to the promoters of a Second Chamber is—first, how to avoid a repetition of the experience of more modern Second Chambers in other countries, as, for instance, France or America; next, how such a Chamber, if the method of creation were unobjectionable, is to be made effective for practical social legislation in England.

It is impossible to conceive of any Second Chamber which is not temperamentally Conservative. If it be formed by any conceivable method of selection, it will consist of men of mature years, and whatever their culture or their class, such men have a tendency to a Conservative temperament, either from timidity, or from material success, or from social disappointment. Inspiration comes from the people through those closest in touch with the social needs of the community. Therefore, those who act for the community, with any delegation of authority, must be distinctly and directly representative, and free to exercise their responsible powers.

The conception of a disinterested Chamber, aloof from party or political passions and influences, is a delusion. The conditions of modern life are so acute that the wise treatment of dangerous symptoms can be trusted only to an assembly free from an external and irresponsible control. The theory of the British Constitution is a representative legislative assembly; and history gives some authority to the argument that the separate sitting of the House of Lords from the Commons is a proceeding of doubtful legality. Unity of legislation is, at any rate, the theory of the British Constitution; and I do not doubt that Mr. Swift McNeill, whose faculty of investigation is very keen, would be able to show that the severance of the two Houses has the sanction only of tradition and fears. It is the division of the two into separate legislative authorities that has created the *impasse* of this century. The problem remains: Is an efficient Second Chamber possible? And the insuperable difficulty that presents itself to me in the way of an effective elected Chamber is in the limitation of choice of members, assuming that election to the Second Chamber disqualifies them from membership in the Commons House. If the Chamber be constituted by a process of selection, there are a considerable number of able men in the House of Commons from whom selection might be made, but the House of Commons cannot afford the measure of deterioration which would follow. The only set-off that suggests itself is the greater possibilities and openings for younger men by the removal of those more mature in age and experience, who the younger men regard as monopolists of the legislative arena.

If the Second Chamber be constituted by popular election, it would be conservative and restricted in choice, as the costs of election would be deterrent on all but wealthy men. And when the membership of the Second Chamber is denuded of titular rank and limited strictly in functional power, it would offer no inducement to men of any status to make the necessary sacrifice of time, energy, and personal interests.

The suggestion of the writer of the article is summed up as follows: "The only safe way to avoid excessive Conservatism and the competition of parties is to constitute a Second Chamber by the members of the House of Commons . . . voting in fractions or groups on a system of proportional representation." Such a method would only intensify the evils of the party system, and give further irritation to those thoughtful politicians who abhor the atmosphere of party and personal controversy which the present Parliamentary system entails and fosters. The further suggestion that he makes, that the Commons should be free to select persons outside their own ranks, has the serious objection that it would introduce into a legislative assembly a practice of co-optation existent in local government, which is regarded as a source of danger, and to which there is a wide and growing objection, by reason of the

irresponsible powers, in policy and in finance, which have passed into the hands of added members.

Whilst doubting whether there is any really effective solution of the problem, or any necessity to create a Second Chamber, I am bold enough to make a suggestion—in deference to many who hold other views—due regard being had to the limitation of powers and sanctions which the writer has defined at the outset. There is the Privy Council, a non-elected body, but one of traditional honor and respect. I have before me a very old authority (1684), confirmed in a later one (1791), which informs me of the exact status of the Privy Council: "The King's Council, the highest Court of England, a most honorable, noble, and reverend assembly, at the King's Palace, with whom the King doth sit at his pleasure. . . ." In the time of Charles II., the number of members was restricted to thirty, of whom fifteen were *ex-officio*, as principal officials of State; of the other fifteen, five were to be Commoners. The number now is indefinite, but they were to be members at the will of the King, and ceased to be members at his death. The function of the Council was "to advise, for the honor of the King and the good of the nation, without partiality through affection, love, meed, doubt, or dread."

If the existence of the Privy Council be worth taking into consideration as a factor in the discussion, or as a possible nucleus for a Second Chamber, details as to numbers and method and extent of additions would not be a difficult matter to arrange. I find from "Whitaker" that there is at the present time a Privy Council consisting of 166 Commoners, 110 Peers, and 15 *ex-officio* members. There is also a separate Privy Council for Ireland, consisting of 37 Commoners, 20 Peers, and 15 *ex-officio* members. The names included in these two Privy Councils furnish evidence that the selection was, in many cases, a recognition of valuable services rendered to the country in civilian life.

Such a chamber of reference would have the advantage that there was no taint of heredity about it, that it is a council—theoretically, at least—in touch with the Crown, and that it ceases automatically to exist at the death of the King. In the arena of legislation the functions super-added to those which exist would be strictly limited to the general supervision, suggestions of, addition to, or amendment of any proposed legislation referred to it by the Commons. The consideration of such reference should be prompt, so that, if possible, it should be remitted back to the Commons during the current Session; or, if otherwise, be returned to the Commons immediately on their re-assembling.

There are many who object altogether to any Second Chamber. I have only pointed out what appear to me insuperable objections to the proposals for election. Any stage of progressive legislation which is not under the full control of those closest in touch with the democracy, constitutes a danger to national life. The conditions of modern society and the effects of our commercial system demand for public safety the freest action by the accredited representatives of the people.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY J. MANTON.

Birmingham, March 24th, 1914.

QUAKERS AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Townroe's letter in your current issue demands some reply, which will not be, any more than my last communication was, more severe in tone than the circumstances demand. He says: "The advocates of universal military training have always proved anxious to respect all men's religious scruples," also "Mr. Graham can claim no excuse for his statement that conscientious objectors in Australia are sent to prison. By last year's amending Act no Australian can be committed to prison for failure to train." Would any reader gather from this that the amending Act merely substituted military for civil detention? A prison within barracks is likely to be rather a worse place than one outside, for it is more subject to military caprice, and less under legal control. So it has proved. One officer said, "If they won't drill, we will break their hearts or drive them from the country." To this end solitary confinement on bread and water has been tried on the

boys. The cases I could give would exceed your available space. Altogether, up to October 31st last, according even to the official returns, it is admitted that 1,663 persons have been committed to civil or military prisons in Australia and New Zealand, and the process is going on still. Among these there is a heavy sprinkling of conscientious objectors, whose scruples are always so anxiously respected, according to Mr. Townroe.

In my communication to you I made no statement, though I might have done, that there is no body of opinion in the Society of Friends favorable to compulsory service. But Mr. Townroe had to invent something to reply to, so he says, "Nor is Mr. Graham justified in his assumption that all members of the Society of Friends are opposed to National Service. A reference to the illuminating debate in the Friends' Adult School in Sheffield last month, will show him his illusion on this point." I have from a correspondent an account of this illuminating occasion:—

"I was present at the Debate referred to. This was arranged by the Hartshead Lecture and Debating Society, which is open to the public, and on the evening in question the audience numbered about eighty.

"Quite a number of these had never been there before, apparently coming to support the proposal for compulsory military service, including two of the organizers of the National Service League (Mr. Goodchild and Commander Crean).

"The majority present were members of the Sheffield and District Adult Schools Union, which to-day is entirely distinct from the Society of Friends and not under their control. There were about twenty (not more) members of the Society of Friends in the audience. Of these, I know of only one who voted for the resolution in favor of compulsory military service, and, as I understood his argument, it was that if there must be armies and navies, then he would vote for universal training.

"When the vote was taken, it was so decidedly against the proposal for compulsory military service that no count was made."

I have myself been present at meetings of debating societies, where partisans of the National Service League availed themselves of public admission to go round as a stage army and carry resolutions. I was defeated by this means myself once at the Athenæum, in Manchester. Apart from this Mr. Townroe should know that the Adult Schools are open to people of every kind of opinion on religion and politics. They are absolutely free meeting-places for discussion. That is their strength. Their opinions are not expected to be, and are not, those of the Society of Friends. All we have in the Sheffield case is that a small number of workmen in that armour-ridden community voted for conscription.

As to the make-believe character of the National Service League propaganda, I fully explained in my last communication why we know that its object is European campaigning, and not national security, as we are made to believe. I may now add that a body which began by saying that not less than twelve months' service would suffice, with liberty to use the Pan-Britannic militia when required abroad, but has found it prudent to diminish the period, first to six months and then to four, is a body which is trying to make people believe wrongly about the true length of service. It will want a full Continental period in the end. Lord Roberts has explained to his supporters that he only advocates the four months in order to get the principle adopted, and that "details" can be altered later. I have nothing to modify in my criticism.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

Dalton Hall, Manchester.
March 24th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of February 28th, a communication appeared from Principal Graham, of Manchester, disposing, finally and effectively, of the extraordinary attempt of the National Service League to enlist the influence of the Society of Friends in support of their propaganda.

This has elicited two letters from the pen of Mr. B. S. Townroe, an official of the League. It is only possible here to quote their opening sentences, which are, however, sufficient to provide a comparison calculated both to instruct and entertain. They run as follows:—

Letter A.—"Sir,—Please allow me to reply to Mr. J. W. Graham's attack, in your issue of February 28th, upon the motives of the National Service League, and upon my own audacity for daring to quote the writings of members of the Society of Friends . . ."

Letter B.—"Sir,—I am indebted to a Mr. J. W. Graham, member of the Society of Friends in Manchester, for some valuable information, which proves that the early members of the Society are in agreement with its most thoughtful representatives in recognizing that a firm policy can be a preservative of righteousness . . ."

Letter "A," it may be explained, appeared in THE NATION last week, while letter "B" was addressed to the "Daily News" and other papers, whose readers might be presumed to be unfamiliar with the circumstances under which Mr. Graham had accorded "some valuable information." The introductory sentences quoted are followed by a verbatim transcript (without quotation marks) of those passages in which Mr. Graham makes the National Service League a present of certain apparent instances in their favor, and it breaks off discreetly in the middle of a sentence at the point where he proceeds to demonstrate that the unswerving testimony of the Society of Friends against all war dates back to the first decade of Quakerism.

And this is the Mr. Townroe who bandies charges of "light-hearted misrepresentations"!—Yours, &c.,

H. WILSON HARRIS.

7, Hill Close, Golder's Green, N.W.
March 24th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Townroe has recently made large incursions into the Liberal Press without being accurate enough to conceal the party organization for which he is working. William Penn, or any other writer, can be represented as advocating your own side of a question if you cut up their sentences into fragments and know nothing of their life or teachings as a whole. You must be careful to read up your opponent's side better than to assume, for instance, that the "Adult Schools" consist of Quakers. The ignorance of this remark reveals at once to which camp you belong. Mr. Townroe tried to persuade the working men of Birmingham, in their Town Hall, that his "citizen army" was not conscription, and that Lord Roberts has promised that they should not be used against their own relatives in strikes (as if any Lord Roberts could promise this); but they did not believe him. They knew the story of New Zealand and Australia, and that, as their own paper says, "Australia is in revolt against the forced military service which Lord Roberts and his friends are so anxious to introduce in this country." This paper goes on to tell them "that 21,000 prosecutions (over 17 per cent.) is the enormous total of the prosecutions under the Australian Defence Act, showing how the introduction of a form of conscription is regarded by the British race."

The question of conscription, or other service, and the power to refuse to act in a strike, turn entirely on the oath taken to obey your superior officer, a matter which Mr. Townroe always carefully avoids, but which the working men know of. There can be no better illustration of this than what is now taking place in Ireland. For the soldiers to act as policemen and keep order, *without the shooting*, is just what these difficulties must eventually bring about. New combinations are now growing up in Europe which overstep the geographical boundaries, and the quarrels of the future must be between classes and the dying ascendancies and not between nations. The working men of these countries are not going to shoot down their own people for any king or emperor. This is the great question before us now.—Yours, &c.,

S.

March 24th, 1914.

A QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can any of your subscribers, wise in the history of London architecture, answer a question put to me by a Parisian friend?

There was, it appears, in the seventeenth century in London, a house the interior of which was painted by the

Frenchman, Charles de Lafosse. It belonged to Montagu. Does this house still exist, and, if so, where is it?

My friend would be grateful for the information.—Yours, &c.,

M. MINTURN SCOTT.

32, Pembroke Square, W.

THE AGE OF DIVIDENDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I do not propose to reply to the often-exposed fallacy of the economic basis of the Protestant Reformation; but the latter part of the article which concludes with the extraordinary declaration: "It is not the financier, but the class living upon dividends that best exhibits the character of the full-fledged social parasite."

According to the writer of the article, I am "a parasite." I was in business, not as a capitalist but as a worker. I, by investing my surplus income, made sufficient to enable me to retire. According to this writer, if I had lived up to my income by spending all my income, I would not be a parasite; but because I delay using the whole of it, I become a parasite. I consider if I had followed the second course, I would have lived a less useful life. By saving I gave work. I co-operated with brain and muscle to organize and make certain required articles at home and abroad. My share of the return is my dividend, the worker's is his wage, the manager's and superior officers', their salaries. Will the writer of the article explain how I am a parasite and the worker and manager are not? To me it appears we are equally necessary to each other, and are all parasites if one partner is.—Yours, &c.,

DIVIDEND.

March 24th, 1914.

THE CONVERSION OF THE POMAKS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Among many old stories which are being revived to discredit the Bulgarians is one reflecting upon their toleration. The Pomaks of the Rhodopes "verted" to Christianity by thousands during the winter of 1912-13, whilst King Ferdinand held a winning hand. Some, or all, have relapsed to Mohammedanism since his reverses. This is supposed to prove that the conversions were obtained by force, and distressing details are being freely supplied by writers who were not in Bulgaria at the time.

As I believe I am one of the very few Western Europeans, and possibly the only Englishman who was in the Rhodopes during or immediately after the conversion of the Pomaks, in the winter of 1912-1913, my personal experiences may be of interest. At the risk of telling some of your readers what they know already, I will say that the Pomak is a Bulgarian of pure blood and speech, but Moslem in faith. He is a descendant of village communities forcibly converted to Islam during the past two or three centuries, in some cases so recently that common family names are used and relationship acknowledged between men of different faiths. The Turks have not treated these people as equals, nor entirely trusted them. Until the first war they were never embodied in regiments, though used as auxiliaries (the word "Pomak" means "Helper"). In the absence of regular troops, their services were accepted in the massacres of Batak in 1876. Ignorant of Arabic, the Koran has always been a sealed book to them, and their religion, one fears, a matter of policy. Settlements of this interesting people are found along the whole line of the Rhodopes, from Razlog to Philipopolis, some lying just over the old Turkish frontier, some within the boundary of the Bulgarian Kingdom. During the six-and-thirty years of Bulgarian independence, this people has been treated with extraordinary forbearance. Their mosques have remained intact until last year, when some were consecrated as Christian churches, with the consent of their owners, and as such used as places of Christian worship, as I saw.

Their rooted aversion to registering the births of their children and sending them to school have been winked at by an administration most exacting in these respects towards Bulgarian Christians. In fact, during nearly forty years, the Pomaks have been not only not persecuted, but treated

with special indulgence; their village freeholds, grazings, forests, &c., have been respected, and certain notorious characters have suffered no molestation for deeds perpetrated just prior to annexation. The infamous Hadji Alish, organizer of the Batak massacre, lived in Philipopolis until two years ago. He used the same public baths as his Christian neighbors. His daughter was living in the next street to the hotel in which I was staying.

My first introduction to this people was my meeting a party of prisoners of war, taken at the surrender of Yaver Pasha's force. It was late at night, the men had expressed their wish for baptism, had undergone the rite that day, and, having been reclothed from head to foot by the peasants who had stood sponsors to them at the font, were to receive their liberties on the morrow, and march to rejoin their friends in Southern Thrace. Of the sincerity of their conversions I was not in a position to judge; but it was impossible to associate the idea of persecution with the circumstances, and those jolly boys, fingering their new clothes with delight, and pressing forward to grasp my hands, whilst trying, for my benefit, to recall their newly acquired names, were obviously in high spirits. Multitudes of Pomaks were being set at liberty upon similar terms, conditions of their own proposing. A month later a reflex wave of conversion swept up from the South. Some of the more weakly of the Philipopolis prisoners had been sent to a Government experimental farm in the neighborhood, and were putting on flesh, and having a good time. These men made no effort to escape, though entrusted with teams and sent miles to the station. It was there that a brother Pomak accosted them who had tramped a hundred miles with news that their native village had perverted, and a suggestion that, if they would do the like, they might obtain their freedom. They returned to the farm demanding baptism, to the disgust of the Swiss professor in charge, who had found them honest and useful. Whilst this gentleman was relating the story to me, it was corroborated by another person in the railway carriage—a stranger to both of us—a Turkish doctor, a prisoner of war upon parole.

Later, I visited the Chepino Valley, among the upper glens of the Rhodopes, where I made acquaintance with the headmen of seven villages, grim, elderly Pomaks, who had accepted baptism a few weeks earlier. After eating with them, visiting their houses, seeing their women unveiled, worshipping with them in a Christianized mosque, and putting them upon my relief committee, I was unable to see any signs of compulsion in their attitudes. Their women were without doubt enthusiasts for a creed which gave indisolubility to marriage, liberty to visit the houses of neighbors, and to attend church. I worshipped with a congregation, including about one hundred women! There was no humbug about them; they were enjoying the change, and allowed one to see it. The younger men accepted it willingly; some had awaited it for years, and said they now felt the sky clear above them. The mollah was an acolyte, and rang the new bell! One greybeard grumbled in my hearing, and said the bayonets had done it. His fellow replied: "We oldsters can't be expected to enjoy change, but it gives the youngsters a chance."

About twelve thousand persons in this valley had accepted baptism within three weeks. The strongest objector, who had travelled to Sofia to complain, had returned to be baptized. The affair, in some respects, resembled a stiffly-contested election, and had not been unaccompanied with regrettable incidents. Some said three, others raised the number to fifteen, persons had been killed first and last, beaten, knifed, or shot. In some cases, an old-time grudge lay at the bottom of these outrages, dating from the Batak massacres of '76—horrid occurrences, in which these Moslems of the Chepino are admitted to have taken a hand. Old men were pointed out to me who were known to have engaged in those butcheries. One, the attendant at the hot-wells baths, had accepted baptism, his friend, the village policeman, standing sponsor. I gathered that certain fanatical interrupters of the many public discussions which had preceded the rite had been too roughly handled. That any organized persecution had taken place was impossible to believe. The new converts had voluntarily revealed the three-hundred-years'-kept secret of the buried font and assisted to dig it up. Protosingel Paul, the cleric in charge

of the movement, told me that about 300,000 conversions had taken place. He was intensely anxious that no hint of compulsion should be used. His Church, the Exarchist, is not a proselytizing one, and had discouraged the first conversions. So had my friend, M. Guesheff, the Premier, as he told me.

Had the Bulgarian cause kept the ascendant, I have no doubt these people would have remained Christians, and, within one generation, would have merged in the common Bulgarian stock, whose family names they bore and whose speech they used. I am bound to say that these were not the views of the British Legation at Sofia, nor of the only Vice-Consul with whom I conversed upon the matter. The official view was that, as a Turk never does pervert, those fellows must have been bullied into it. The gentlemen who expressed this view were ignorant of the Bulgarian language, and, although the Chepino Valley is but a day's journey from the towns in which they dwelt, had not visited the scenes of conversion, and regarded such a thing as out of the question.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. WALLIS.

Reading.

POLITICAL EXILES IN SIBERIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I, as Hon. Secretary of the Committee for the Relief of Administrative Exiles in Northern Russia and Siberia, ask you to kindly bring the following facts before your readers? The political exiles in Siberia have still many sympathetic friends in England to whom I am anxious to give this information.

An eye-witness reports the most awful conditions under which these exiles have to live. In X—, a place cut off from all communication with the outer world, a number of exiles are crowded together; there is no opportunity of earning anything to augment the pittance allowed by the Government; and prices for the necessities of life are exorbitant.

By perpetual and needless vexations, the local officials make existence still more unendurable. To mention only one example: According to law, a political exile has the right, after one year's residence in the place allocated to him, to receive a passport to enable him to travel all over that particular province in search of employment. But the Irkutsk Inspector of Prisons refuses this right to the exiles of X—, though several of them have spent over two years in that place. The results of such treatment are, as might be expected, tragic! Three of these exiles have gone out of their mind, two others have poisoned themselves, and the fate of — is specially sad. After three years of exile, he was quite unable to stand the conditions of life. He escaped into Manchuria where, however, he was arrested, beaten nearly to death, and then kept for eight months in a lunatic asylum. From there he was again sent into exile. *En route* he was detained for a long time in a prison near Irkutsk, where he made several attempts at suicide. His comrades took care of him, thus saving him from death. He had petitioned to be exiled to the district of —, where he had a sister living who would have looked after him. His request was refused, and he was sent to X—, where he now is—hopelessly insane.

In X— and Y—, in Eastern Siberia, the majority of the political exiles are starving, and are also suffering terribly from frost, as they are practically without any warm clothing. In Kirinsk one of them committed suicide quite recently, being unable to bear the chronic state of starvation.

Help ought to be extended to these sufferers, and subscriptions could be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of the above-mentioned Committee, R. Machonachie, Esq., Bradbourne House, Bexley, Kent.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) S. E. HOWE.
(Hon. Secretary.)

St. Luke's Vicarage, Finchley, N.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to raise one more question, in this time of general upheaval, when

the fundamentals of religion and thought are being brought out into the open and discussed by common men?

What has been the attitude of the Christian Church, since its foundation, towards the doctrine of reincarnation? Or, to put the question in another form, do the fundamental truths of Christianity, of necessity, call for the exclusion of the idea of reincarnation as a means of spiritual purification?

Considering the strength of the wave of Eastern thought that is at present passing over us, this is not a purely academic question which can be safely left alone. Many members of the Christian Churches are seeking guidance in the matter, and finding none, are being led into the hazy paths of Theosophy, where all the deep mysteries of life are reduced to terms of the phenomenal, mechanical plane, and made superficially clear and convincing for beginners.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. CLARKE, M.D.

Toronto.

P.S.—Perhaps, you, sir, can prevail upon the fearless Dean of St. Paul's (who tells us he is only looking for an invitation from you to contribute to THE NATION) to give us light and guidance in this subject.

Poetry.

SONG AT THE CLOSE OF THE PLAY.

[The Mortals have quitted the Stage: the Fairy and the Brownie remain.]

THEY—pass away:

We two only stay;

Yes; year after year, we two, Dear, still shall be here!

Be it cloudy or clear—

We shall still walk the woods, you and I,

Brown daughter of Earth—white child of the changing sky.

Summer is come—

Fills all the woods with his hum—

He longs for our songs, for the birds are all drowsy or dumb—

Cool and sweet, through the heat,

Comes the breath of the leaves, where we meet

To twine the woodbine for our brows, with the heath at our feet.

Thieves of our leaves—

Cunning Autumn will send through the haze;

To burn up the fern and to set the big beech-trees ablaze;

But from gold of his sheaves,

From his burrs and his red berries rare,

We shall hoard up the bloom for our cheeks, and the brown and the gold for our hair.

White, through the night,

Softly the snowflakes alight;

They freeze on the trees, and heap the brown banks out of sight:

And the low sunbeams will peep

So clear and bright, where we sleep, side by side,

In the house of the Mouse or the holes where the Butterflies hide.

Then, once again,

Wake we and weave we the charm—

For mortals and men bringing Spring, that forbids them to die;

Cold harbor or warm—

Wet walking or dry—

Love shall come up from the Earth to laugh with her Love from the Sky!

S. O.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Origin of Attic Comedy." By F. M. Cornford. (Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "The Doges of Venice." By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "England's Peasantry." By Augustus Jessopp. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Science of Happiness." By Jean Finot. Translated by M. J. Safford. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Social Reform as Related to Realities and Delusions." By W. H. Mallock. (Murray. 6s. net.)
 "Ouida: A Memoir." By Elizabeth Lee. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814-1815)." By Norwood Young. (Stanley Paul. 21s. net.)
 "Can We Still be Christians?" By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by L. J. Gibson. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Meaning of Life." By W. L. Courtney. (Batsford. 2s. net.)
 "Clement of Alexandria." By John Patrick. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Human Quintessence." By Sigurd Ibsen. (Palmer. 5s. net.)
 "Tansy." By Tickner Edwardes. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "Jacques Casanova, Vénitien." Par Charles Samaran. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
 "Le Concept Social du Crime." Par J. Maxwell. (Paris: Alcan. 7fr. 50.)
 "La Force Mystérieuse." Roman. Par J. H. Roeny. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
 "Nietzsche, der falsche Prophet." Von Otto Ernst. (Leipzig: Staackmann. M. 1. 50.)

WHILE the publication of the "Times" at a penny has occupied so much attention, it is not the sole event of importance in contemporary journalism. We have to welcome "The New Weekly" which, under the editorship of Mr. Scott James, has made a most promising beginning. In the world of monthly publications, next month will see the first number of "The Britannic Review," intended "to reflect the aims and interests of that Empire movement which points to a closer and permanent union of His Majesty's peoples." Lastly we have, with regret, to record the disappearance of "The Westminster Review." Founded in 1824 as the organ of Bentham and his disciples, "The Westminster Review" had a brilliant list of contributors, among them Mill, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Francis Newman, G. H. Lewes, and "Mark Rutherford." The late Mr. Chapman continued his association with the "Review" long after its original spirit had departed. For some time past, indeed, it had lost all its power and prestige, and as no issue has appeared since last January, we may assume that it has ceased publication.

If the present publishing season is one of the duller within recent years—at any rate, complaints that this is so are to be heard on all sides—the world of books can at least congratulate itself on the energy which publishers are giving to the production of cheap reprints. Last week Messrs. Bell brought out twenty fresh volumes in "Bohn's Popular Library"; Messrs. Dent have added a second dozen to their new venture, "The Wayfarers' Library"; and Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued a shilling edition of his "Pseudonym Library." It is now possible to read Trollope's *Barsetshire* novels, Emerson, Blake, Pushkin, and Manzoni in the new "Bohn," and even a fastidious reader cannot fail to be satisfied with the way in which the books are produced. Type, paper, and printing are all excellent.

MESSRS. BELL have not confined themselves to books which had already appeared in "Bohn's Libraries." The new issue includes Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son," for which Mr. H. N. Brailsford has written an introduction, and Macaulay's "Five Essays" from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," with an estimate of Macaulay by Mr. R. H. Gretton. In the latter volume there is an odd bibliographical mistake. The note prefixed to it states, and Mr. Gretton repeats the error in his introduction, that these five biographies are now reprinted in separate form for the first time. As a matter of fact, they were published by Messrs. Black in a small volume in 1860, together with a short account by Adam Black of Macaulay's connection with

Edinburgh, and in that form they have been so popular that at least a score of fresh editions have been issued.

Mr. GRETTON is probably right in saying that if Macaulay himself had had to select a single volume of essays whereon to stake his fame, he would have chosen his contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" rather than the book made up of his essays in "The Edinburgh Review." The former were a labor of love, represent his ripper thought on subjects with which he was in sympathy, and are less rhetorical in form and style than their predecessors. At the same time, Mr. Gretton seems to us rather too contemptuous in his whole treatment of Macaulay. That Macaulay was "an incurable rhetorician in mind as well as in manner" is fair enough criticism, but Mr. Gretton becomes the devil's advocate when he goes on to say that at the end of his life Macaulay was only "beginning to perceive a distinction between the assertion of an opinion and the belaboring of a different opinion." In fact, all through the introduction, Mr. Gretton treats Macaulay as if he were a prisoner in the dock, guilty of the crimes for which he has been arraigned, but who, owing to certain mitigating circumstances, is only ordered to come up for sentence when called upon.

STYLE is a theme of perennial discussion in the world of books, and it forms the subject of one of the "Selected Essays on Literary Subjects" by Mr. George W. E. Russell, which have been added to "The Wayfarers' Library." Mr. Russell, accepting the classification of a correspondent, writes of "the distinguished style, the strong, racy, graceful styles, the commonplace and ponderous styles." The last of these he sees in its perfection in Miss Jenkyns's letters in "Cranford" with Dr. Johnson as "*prozime accessit*." William Cobbett and Sydney Smith are chosen as the masters of the "strong" and the "racy" styles respectively, while Mr. Russell believes that the "commonplace" style has been cultivated with great success by historical writers, and from among them he selects the late Sir Spencer Walpole as having carried it to its greatest perfection. "J. R. Green's pictures and patches, and Mr. Herbert Paul's epigrams and antitheses are the vehement efforts of historians to shake themselves free from commonplace."

NEWMAN, Matthew Arnold, Dean Church, and Macaulay are Mr. Russell's examples of men who wrote in the "clear" style; Dean Stanley and Mr. Frederic Harrison of the "graceful"; and Newman, Arnold, Froude, and Stanley of the "distinguished." He classes Newman as the greatest master of English literature in the Victorian Age "in his style, light and color, and music and all the best treasures of our English tongue are joined with a crystalline clearness." Mr. Russell is equally emphatic in his opinion of the living writer whose style has the most distinction.

"Who of writers now living," he asks, "is the greatest exponent of the 'distinguished' style? I answer, without hesitation, Lord Morley. Indeed, he seems to me to stand alone. His style is natural, easy, fluent, lucid. Here and there it takes a turn which suggests foreign influence; but English prose, even in its greatest days, never was too proud to borrow additional ornament from a wider world. It is full of life and fire and color; it moves to no ordered march, but just as it is swayed by the inspiration of the moment. It seems to me the one utterance now left to us which is a worthy vehicle of the highest and most solemn thinking."

MR. RUSSELL, like the Dean of St. Paul's, looks with some displeasure on the way in which journalists try to express themselves in the English language. It is true his list of their favorite crimes is not very long—their use of "transpire," "firstly," "trend," "lengthy," and a few others—but unless we are mistaken, he is somewhat given to sneering at the members of his own profession. In the book before us, the typical journalist is Tom Garbage. Can it be that Mr. Russell affects Congreve's attitude, and would have us believe that his own journalistic efforts are trifles produced in an idle hour? Or is it that there are two kinds of journalism—the one elegant, polished, and precise, devoted to the doings of the great Whig families, Anglican bishops, and ecclesiastically minded ladies and laymen, dead or living; the other a mere uncouth effort to record and comment upon all that is done or intended by the rest of the human race?

Reviews.

THE GENIUS OF HENRY JAMES.

"Notes of a Son and Brother." By HENRY JAMES. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"Henry James: A Critical Study." By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHILE one is under the spell of "Notes of a Son and a Brother" one is in no mood for blaming Mr. Hueffer's challenging announcement of his opinion that Mr. James "is the greatest of living writers and, in consequence, . . . the greatest of living men." Certainly, if one were invited to name the literary masterpiece of the twentieth century, one would do well to hesitate before passing further than Mr. James's autobiography. It is not merely that it gives us a unique analysis of everything that went to the making of a characteristic literary artist of our times. It does more than this. It introduces us to the most charming and wonderful family group a novelist ever found to his hand. There are few portraits in fiction to equal that of Henry James, senior, the Swedenborgian, "wise, gentle, polished," as Emerson described him, "with heroic manners and a serenity like the sun." And how the very air and spirit of the novelist's mother are suggested to us in those sentences describing how she used to listen to her husband as he read his "papers" to her!

"I see our mother listen, at her work, to the full music of the 'papers.' She could do that by the mere force of her complete availability—could do it with a smoothness of surrender that was like an array of all the perceptions."

What, perhaps, will attract ten readers to "Notes of a Son and Brother" for every one who braced himself up to the psychological adventures of "A Small Boy and Others" is the fact that in the new book Mr. James is more plainly reminiscential—more tenderly eager to give us the large aspect of the urbane persons and days of his early, untroubled world. He is still intent, to be sure, upon puzzling out the mystery of the making of a novelist, so that we find him pausing to tell how he never regretted having been put to learn—a thing he could not do—physics and algebra at school in Geneva, since he had a fatalistic philosophy "of which the general sense was that almost anything, however disagreeable, had been worth while; so unable was I to claim that it hadn't involved impressions." Similarly, in his account of what the later school at Concord meant to him, he breaks off to explain:—

"I have to reckon, I here allow, with the trick of what I used irrepressibly to read into things in front of which I found myself, for gaping purposes, planted by some unquestioned outer force; it seemed so prescribed to me, so imposed on me, to read more, as through some ever-felt claim for roundness of aspect and intensity of effect in presented matters, whatever they might be, than the conscience of the particular affair itself, was perhaps developed enough to ask of it."

But those whom such sentences, significant though they are, will scare into thoughts of flight, will be called back and conciliated by the portrait of Emerson—an image hung in light—as an occasional visitor to the James's household in New York:—

"I 'visualise' . . . the winter firelight of our back parlor at dusk, and the great Emerson—I knew he was great, greater than any of our friends—sitting in it between my parents, before the lamps had been lighted, as a visitor consentingly housed only could have done, and affecting me the more as an apparition sinuously and, I held, elegantly slim, benevolently aquiline, and commanding a tone alien, beautifully alien, to any we heard round about, that he bent this benignity upon me by an invitation to draw nearer to him off the hearthrug, and know myself as never yet, as I was not, indeed, to know myself again for years, in touch with the wonder of Boston. The wonder of Boston was above all just then and there for me in the sweetness of the voice and the finish of the speech—this latter through an attenuated emphasis which, at the same time, made sounds more important, more interesting in themselves, than by any revelation yet vouchsafed us. Was not this my first glimmer of a sense that the human tone *could*, in that independent and original way, be interesting?"

It is always, of course, Emerson seen strangely in relation to Henry James. Just as M. Anatole France speaks of Homer *à propos* of himself, so Mr. James speaks of the great men he has seen *à propos* of himself. One is always conscious, not only of the great man himself, but of the "small, vague outsider" who is described for us on another page as being "not a little mildly—though, oh so mildly—morose or anxiously mute." Mr. James was considerably older—he was "a young person of twenty-four"—when he was invited to go in, after a dinner given to Dickens, and be presented to the novelist. "I saw," he tells us, "the master—nothing could be more evident—in the light of an intense emotion, and I trembled, I remember, in every limb, while at the same time, by a blest fortune, emotion produced no luminous blur, but left him shining indeed, only shining with august particulars." As for what Mr. James can make of the "august particulars" at this date, it is all in a single sentence:—

"The offered inscrutable mask was the great thing, the extremely handsome face, the face of symmetry, yet of formidable character, as I at once recognized, and which met my dumb homage with a straight inscrutability, a merciless *military* eye, I might have pronounced it an automatic hardness in fine, which at once indicated to me, and in the most interesting way in the world, a kind of economy of apprehension."

One of the most fascinating things about the present book, however, is not so much that it reminds us of Mr. James's genius as a portrait-painter as that it shows, by numerous quotations from letters, how essentially he is, in this respect, simply his father's son. Might not Mr. James himself have written a good many sentences in this humorous and understanding letter of his father's, describing a dinner at which Hawthorne was present?

"Hawthorne isn't, to me, a prepossessing figure, nor, apparently, at all an *enjoying* person in any way; he has all the while the look—or would have to the unknowing—of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But in spite of his rusticity I felt a sympathy for him fairly amounting to anguish, and couldn't take my eyes off him all dinner, nor my rapt attention, as that indecisive little Dr. Hedge found, I am afraid, to his cost, for I hardly heard a word of what he kept saying to me, and resented his maliciously putting his artificial person between me and the profitable object of study. (It isn't, however, that I now feel any ill-will to him—I could recommend anyone, but myself, to go and hear him preach. The thing was that Hawthorne seemed to me to possess human substance, and not to have dissipated it all away like that culturally debauched —, or even like good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow.)"

After relating that "my region was a desert with H. for its only oasis," the letter goes on:—

"It was so pathetic to see him—contented, sprawling, Concord owl that he was and always has been—brought blindfold into that brilliant daylight and expected to wink and be lively, like some dapper Tommy Titmouse. I felt him bury his eyes in his plate and eat with such voracity that no one should dare to speak to him. My heart broke for him as his attenuated left-hand neighbor kept putting forth *his* long antennae to stroke his face and try whether his eyes were open. It was heavenly to see him persist in ignoring the spectral smiles—in eating his dinner and doing nothing *but* that—and then go home to his Concord deer, to fall upon his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary. I have no doubt that all the tenderest angels saw to his case that night, and poured oil into his wounds more soothing than gentleman ever knew."

Imagine what it must have been like to live in a house where the father could write like that, and the sons like William and Henry James, and where all the members of the family apparently lived with the same exquisite all-roundness and witty tolerance that marked everything they wrote! It was a family party of genius and geniality—the lofty geniality of the father, the bubbling geniality of William, and the passive geniality, if we may use the phrase, of Henry. It was a house where a fine spiritual atmosphere took the place of the usual didacticism, with the result, apparently, that gaps were left in the imaginative life of at least one of the children. Mr. James tells us how he "found the sphere of our more nobly supposititious habitation too imperceptibly peopled; whereas the religious life of every

other family that could boast of any such (and what family didn't boast?) affected my fancy as with a social and material crowdedness." It was a house where they neither kept the Sabbath nor, in a land of ministers, knew anything about ministers. Clergymen, says Mr. James, were "such creatures of pure hearsay that when late in my 'teens, and in particular after my twentieth year, I began to see them portrayed by George Eliot and Anthony Trollope, the effect was a disclosure of a new and romantic species." On the other hand:—

"My father liked in our quite younger period to read us chapters from the New Testament and the Old, and I hope we liked to listen to them—though I recall their seeming dreary from their association with school practice but that was the sole approach to a challenge of our complete freedom of inward, not less than our natural ingenuity of outward, experience."

Humor, philosophy, tolerance, culture as a thing to be pursued like riches, stoicism without its severity, open-mindedness, even open-souledness, if we may use so barbarous a term—all these combined to make an atmosphere exactly such as was needed to produce a novelist who was going to be an inquirer, a student of tones and shades, an interpreter of reticences, rather than a propagandist humanitarian or a dealer in dramatic passions. Fortunately for us, he has shaken off more of his artistic reticence in "Notes of a Son and Brother" than in any of his previous books, and, though some of his sentences are stumbling-blocks to the eye and ear, it is on the whole considerably simpler in statement than "A Small Boy and Others." It is a book of a warm, as well as of a subtle, beauty, and is one of Mr. James's masterpieces in characterization.

Mr. Hueffer's book is not a book for those who require an introduction to Mr. James. It is neither comprehensive nor informing enough for that. For those who already know Mr. James's work, however, it will, in spite of many provoking irrelevances, be full of suggestive criticism. Mr. Hueffer does not criticize Mr. James's novels in detail. He simply converses about Mr. James generally and ramblingly. But the conversation is that of a man whose subject is a part of him, and not merely made up at the request of a publisher. In other words, it is personal criticism. One regrets that Mr. Hueffer has not taken the trouble to pursue his fancies to their charming end, or to give them any kind of logical arrangement. But, such as they are, they call for praise: they have the great merit of awakening new trains of thought.

A NEW PARABLE OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

"La Révolte des Anges." Par ANATOLE FRANCE. (Paris Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

Who understands a parable? What reader of Rabelais, Swift, Bunyan—least of all, what contemporary reader—ever entered fully into the meaning and spirit of the writer? Do we even yet comprehend the parables? Anatole France is, indeed, a comparatively simple dealer in the truth which embodies itself in a tale. He has the French clearness; it is impossible for him to write a sentence which fails to convey exactly what its author meant it to express. But, then, he is a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of Paris; a Frenchman, too, of the school which will be witty, irreverent, salacious, irrespective of its theme, or rather because of it. Anatole France's angels, devils, Penguins, eighteenth-century Abbés, have no characters or opinions other than those which spring out of the drama of thought and life as it unrolls itself daily along the banks of the Seine and the "quarters" that encompass them. So absorbing is this atmosphere that M. France cannot long exclude it, even in form, from his later romances, and his swift shallop soon pushes off from the islands, celestial or terrestrial, of his fancies, and comes to rest by the book-lined quays of the swift, grey river. Therefore, if anyone expects his revolting angels to behave otherwise than their predecessors, he will be disappointed. They are men and Parisians, like the

rest. There is the Anarchist angel—who does not believe in politics—the Socialist angel, the scientific angel, even the Semitic angel, Max Everdingen, who sells the latest war appliances to both parties, affirming to each that the other is out-arming him. They are all reversible at a moment's notice, and become demons. And from these two forms they promptly return to the time-worn texture of humanity, and vanish to the author's familiar gesture of "tender contempt."

Audacious, indeed, is the setting of the new parable. As Virgil shows Troy rising from ruin to new conquest, so M. France imagines a reversal of the Miltonic victory of Heaven over Hell. Science has re-integrated the ancient forces, and heartened them for a fresh assault. Satan, exiled from the calm, eternal happiness of Heaven, has descended to earth, and becomes the educator of men, the preacher of change, of revolt, the black but tender-hearted Apostle of Progress. His allies are men's guardian angels, who, living nearest to human sufferings and infirmities, sympathize most with them. Their weapons are the old books and the new themes of men. Instructed by theology as to the imperfections of the old conceptions of God, and by science as to the universality of life and law, they forge fresh weapons to meet Heaven's unchangingness. Satan's host was beaten back by Michael's thunderbolt; but what are thunderbolts to Istar's all-destroying "Electrophores" made up in a Parisian laboratory? So the battle is engaged anew; and this time Satan conquers, and the coveted throne is occupied at last. To what effect? To none; for an established Satan is as conservative as other establishments and—*plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*. His first business is therefore to reassure the former earthly seat of an immutable theology. For the Pope is much concerned with the apparent change in the government of the universe, in which a revived Pan (straight from Paris), and the old humanist spirit of beauty and tolerant sympathy, now have sway over the hearts of men. So Satan hastens to console him, and M. France's ironic phrases traverse in a few sentences the humanist case against an unchanging metaphysic and system of morals, governed by a fixed and impeccable hierarchy. We translate with diffidence:—

"And Satan, traversing space with a piercing eye, gazed at the little round of land and water where he had once planted the vine and organized the first tragic choruses. And he fixed his glance on that throne on which the fallen god had founded his kingdom in fraud and falsehood. It happened that a saint was then at the head of the Church. Satan watched him weeping and praying, and said to him, 'Into thy hands I commit my spouse; guard her faithfully. I confirm thee in the right and the power to decide doctrine, to govern the use of the Sacraments, and to make laws for the maintenance of morals. The faithful are bound to conform to them. My Church is everlasting, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. *Thou art infallible. Nothing is changed.*'"

"And a flood of joy descended on the successor of the apostles. . . ."

We can go no further, for M. France's Gallic wit easily outleaps the bounds of our Anglo-Saxon decorum. "What horrible blasphemy!" the amazed reader will exclaim. But against whom does M. France blaspheme? Against the Deity and the Church whose works he knows, or thinks he knows—the Church of the Syllabus, of the anti-Dreyfusard fury, of the French reaction. Against the conception of God—the Hebrew "Ialdabaoth" of M. France's fable—which ranges Eucken and Harnack as brothers-in-arms with the creator of M. Bergeret and the Abbé Jérôme Coignard. For M. France is no Satanist, and makes the infernal conqueror quit his usurped throne when he finds himself slipping into the inhumanity which, to a spiritual descendant of Rabelais and Voltaire, disfigures the medieval and the Papal Church. So, indeed, speaks every great modern mind, interpreters and inheritors of the spirit of those who come, like Brand, to lay old and false creeds in their tomb.

M. France does, indeed, interpret life and history too crudely in terms of the average sensual man, refined by French delicacy and culture. He, least of all, would

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like to see the framework of ancient thought broken up after the fashion in which M. Sariette, the mad custodian of the great library of the D'Esparvieu, throws Bibles and Talmuds, the collected wisdom of fathers and saints and apologists and humanists, out of the window and on to the heads of the passers-by. But the thinker who treats Greek and Roman Paganism as the golden age of mankind, and paints the whole episode of Christianity as plunging it into a horrible night of barbarism, broken by the golden dawn of the Renaissance and the accompanying apparition of science, wants something in measure. Probably we interpret M. France too rigidly. He is essentially his own Abbé Coignard, ironically deploring the inhumanities of man (and man's religions) to men. "La Révolte des Anges" is an extremely witty and unconventional addition to these studies of ironic charity, of good-natured contempt for current thought and superstition. It is a little more anarchist in feeling, a little wicked in form, than "L'Ile des Pingouins." But is of the same genre.

CAVOUR AND ITALY.

"Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy." By PIETRO ORSI. (Putnam. 5s. net.)

If Cavour had never been born, would there have been an Italian nation? If he had lived to be an old man, what would have been the history of that nation? Men may argue whether Mazzini, who gave Italy a religion, whether Garibaldi, who gave her an epic, or whether Cavour, who gave her the guidance of a superlative political genius, was the chief force in creating a nation out of all the disorder and debris of the old Europe. But Garibaldi lived to be a kind of national monument; Mazzini's special mission ended long before his death. It was only Cavour, whom an unkind fate cut off in the prime of a great intellect long before his nation had ceased to need his special gifts. It is his career, therefore, that leaves us in the midst of speculations and passionate regret. When Cavour died Rome was not the capital of Italy, but the asylum of any scoundrel who defied her flag, and the system to which he, more than any other man, had given its death-blow, survived him by ten years. Until that last moment, indeed, Fortune had behaved as if she could not do too much for Cavour and for Italy. Two men—not friends, not allies, generally suspicious of each other, one of them the guerilla leader of a small army, the other the Minister of a small State—had contrived, during the last six months of the all-important year of 1860, to attain an object that affected all Europe, and to which almost all Europe was, for one reason or other, opposed. So delicate was the equilibrium on which depended the salvation of Italy that it would have been disturbed if either Garibaldi or Cavour had been entirely successful. But Fortune conceded even this: that these two men, after winning amazing victories when acting together, should crown them all by saving Italy from each other. If Cavour had been able to annex Sicily in June, the Great Powers would have kept him out of Naples and the Papal territory. If Garibaldi had attacked Rome in October, Napoleon the Third would have been back again in Italian politics. Cavour was, in one sense, equipped ideally for two tasks—the task of emancipating Italy so far as that emancipation depended on diplomacy, and the task of launching her Government, so far as the policy of a nation needed clear, resolute, and statesmanlike ideas.

Professor Orsi's graphic pages tell us the wonderful story of the arts by which Cavour wrested success from the most difficult of conditions. Professor Orsi avoids the disparaging tone towards Garibaldi that crept into Mr. Thayer's notable biography, and yet he contrives to do full justice to Cavour's marvellous achievements. He began without friends, and he had not the temperament that inspires devotion at first sight. His own king did not like him, and the democrats suspected him for his Conservative stock. In dealing with Europe, he had to make his way through a

maze of jealousies, ambitions, and fears, and finally to steal a triumph that they all dreaded. He contrived to make use of every situation and every character. The friendship of Liberal England stood him in good stead at a critical moment. He learnt to play on the strange key of Napoleon's humors. He forced himself into the councils of Europe by sending Sardinians to die beneath Sebastopol in a quarrel that otherwise concerned them as little as the state of China. He had to resort to all kinds of subterfuge to keep Europe's suspicions in the dark when Garibaldi was taking some disturbing step. "If we had done for ourselves," he said once, "the things that we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals." So elaborate were his disguises that once he was in danger of deceiving his best friend into upsetting his plans. When Garibaldi, after his successes in Sicily, was about to cross the Straits and invade the mainland, Cavour had to give Europe the impression that Garibaldi was acting against his wishes. He sent a public letter accordingly from King Victor Emmanuel. Napoleon wanted England and France to join in holding the Straits against Garibaldi, and Lord John Russell, taken in by Cavour's public protestations, was on the point of agreeing. Cavour heard just in time, and sent Sir James Lacaita on a secret errand to undeceive Lord John Russell. But Cavour, though he could use a labyrinthine diplomacy, was not afraid of straight and direct blows, and the invasion of the Papal States in September, 1860, was a policy demanding rare courage and nerve. Few men, knowing what he did of Europe, could have ventured on it.

Cavour belonged by virtue of his subtle brain to the race of diplomatists. But his political ideas were the ideas of a simpler school. Lord Morley describes him in his "Notes on Politics and History": "He was the man of Parliaments, constitutional minister, murmuring on his death-bed against absolute power and state of siege. He spoke of himself as having more faith in ideas than in cannon for mending the lot of humanity." He is indeed the giant of Liberal statesmanship in Europe in contrast to Bismarck, "working through imposed authority and armed force." In this respect Cavour is a particularly interesting study for two reasons. In the first place, his ideas were largely the result of English influences. He went to England when he was twenty-five. He had already made a study of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Bentham, and he had written a paper on the English Poor Laws. He was delighted with our Parliamentary system, and the sense of progress and development in this atmosphere of railways and manufactures made a great impression on him. He followed the battle over the Corn Laws with the greatest interest and sympathy. When he was Finance Minister in 1851 he declared his belief "in the principle of liberty, in the principle of free competition, in the free development of the moral and intellectual man. This is the Economic School. These are the principles professed by those who rule in England." This aspect of Cavour's political philosophy is interesting for another reason. To the modern mind this simple faith seems less sufficient than it did to Cavour or to his English contemporaries; but it is easy to see, in the light of Italian politics since, what a difference it would have made to the history of Italy, suffering under heavy taxes, high Protection, and tariff wars, if she had started with a statesman of the school of Peel.

AN ELIZABETHAN COMMONPLACE BOOK.

"Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia." Collected and Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. (Shakespeare Head Press. 16s. net.)

LITERARY history has certainly not done well by Gabriel Harvey. It has not only associated his life with failure, his friendships with injurious influence, his enmities with scorn and defeat, and his æsthetic theories with ridicule and pedantry, but it has denied him any objective or personal identity at all. He is celebrated not as an individual, but as a reaction from somebody else, and, if he is to be allowed some sort of claim to an ego, as the perverse innovator to a

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stuffy and preposterous theory of versification. He is not himself, but the friend of Spenser and the foe of Thomas Nashe. He is represented as contributing not to the wealth but to the poverty of nations. There was his reactionary attempt to stem the tide of the Renaissance fertility in song by forcing the natural aptitude of the language for rhyme and stress into the quantitative mould of classicism. The results were happily abortive. Spenser had the sense not to abandon "rude beggarly rhyming," and Sidney fortunately concealed his experimental hexameters amid the dense arborescence of the "Arcadia." Nor did Harvey's proselytism drive into the fold any but the blind, the lame, and the halt. His mantle fell upon poetasters like Drant, Fraunce, Dickenson, and Stonyhurst, whose oddities, being unknown, are not offensive to fame. We do not deplore, for instance, but only find food for antiquarian interest in the "spavin'd dactyls" of Webbe, the critic:—

"Tityrus, happily thou lyate tumbling under a beech tree,
All in a fine oate pipe, these sweet songs lustily chaunting."

Neither has history idealized Harvey's tilting match with pens against Nashe. Harvey certainly got very much the worst of it, and, to a certain extent, deserved what he got. He assailed Greene after his death with an indecency and lack of taste that has done him the greatest discredit, and he acted not only badly, but with outrageous obtuseness. He floundered like a whale in dealing with the witty and nimble assaults of that born journalist—his opponent. A man who, when he is called an ass, will launch a grave disquisition upon the excellence of that animal, with comprehensive references to all the asses of history (including Balaam's), is a negligible as well as a naïve enemy. Nor were his methods of controversy any more apt and measured than skilful:—

"And if thou entreate me not the fayrer (hope of amendment presenteth many ruines) trust me, I will batter thy carrion to dirt, whence thou canst, and squise thy braine to enivell, whereof it was curdled . . . with such a straunge confutation of thine own straunge Newes (one of Nashe's polemic pamphlets against Harvey), as shall bring Sir Vain-glory on his knees, and make Master Impudence blush, like a Virgin."

Whatever Harvey was, his life was certainly a failure. His brusqueness, his lack of tact, of charm, of the amenities, and of the quality of give and take, irretrievably ruined his social and academic prospects. Except for a short period, when he was probably Leicester's secretary, he failed to secure the patronage of the Court. In spite of his erudition and devouring ambition, he obtained only the lesser dignities of the University. He lived the last thirty years of his life in ineffective and embittered retirement. And it is the merit and significance of Mr. Moore Smith's amply annotated edition of Harvey's manuscript jottings to have attempted to distinguish between the blunderings and impotencies of his career and his quintessence as a man and a scholar. The book is, in fact, an apology, founded upon Harvey's own reflections and criticisms in his *Commonplace Book*, and his marginal notes to the editions of Quintillian, Dionysius Periegetes, George Gascoigne, Speght's "Chaucer," and other books in his possession. The editor, who has done his work as comprehensively and accurately as any man could, contends that Harvey was neither a pedant nor a bigot in his attitudes. He emphasizes his encyclopaedic reading both in the classics and in contemporary Italian, French, and English literature. He praises his eloquence and his independence and openness of mind. He considers that his ill-success was due more to manner than to any intrinsic defect of character or intellect. While not extenuating his tendency to self-seeking and trickery, he declares that "in him we see the full influence of the Renaissance more clearly than in any other Englishman known to us." This is an exaggerated statement, but Mr. Smith's panegyric is—though only partially, we think—justified.

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ality, and a virile one at that. They are an extraordinary hotch-potch, half Latin, half English, of apothegm, moral exhortation, sound criticism, and grotesque fumbings and twistings of platitude. They are entirely inchoate, a recipe for barley-water jostling a counsel of gross opportunism, wisdom arm-in-arm with triviality, truculence with hypocrisy, love of magnanimity and the ancients with the baldest recommendations to a utilitarian strategy and deceit. In his cumbrous and spasmodic way, he betrays himself as a philosopher of the Stoic School, soaked with the fashionable Machiavellianism of the day. In the midst of his ponderous maxims, he is vastly entertained by Aretino. He is the Italianate Englishman, without suppleness, grace, manners, or imagination. His notes, indeed, show him for what he was—a versatile, incongruous, and learned creature, but without a trace of lightness, and the most futile and persevering of intriguers.

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THINKING, as usual, over the eternal question of the novel, we recently came to a conclusion which at first sight may seem paradoxical. It is this: the one thing that a novel may not be is "competent." As soon as the word occurs, in that connection, no other need be sought; the case is summed up and ended, with a death-penalty—not of a mere reviewer's awarding—looming before the accused. But do we intend to say, then, that a novel should be, or even that it may be, incompetent? By no means; though, were we driven to choose between those two states alone, we could almost find it in our hearts to take the second. There is a certain kind of helplessness, and a certain kind of slickness: the former carries life within its arms, the latter death. As concrete instances, let us examine Mr. London's "Valley of the Moon," and Mr. Mason's "Witness for the Defence." In Mr. London's book, the helplessness is manifest. He has been carried away. He had not meant to do exactly what he has done. He meant to write a novel; he has written half a novel, and half an agricultural pamphlet. We enjoyed both—the novel more, but the agricultural pamphlet only less; and we think that the cause of this double pleasure lies precisely in Mr. London's evident helplessness. For that implies passion—passion for his subject. "This is what I greatly desire to say." Once we can feel that note in a book, we are half-disarmed. It is the post-impressionism of novel writing; and, like the other post-impressionism, it must be individual or it is worse than nothing. In "The Valley of the Moon," individuality stands out on every page.

Now let us turn to Mr. Mason's novel. It is slickness itself—calculated, deadly slickness. "This is what you, the public, want to read." Once we can feel that note in a book, we leap to arms. We fasten coats of mail on swiftly, we seize the banner and rush forth, our battle-ory: *It is not what we want to read, resounding through the lists—the spring and autumn lists. . . . Enough of metaphor: we fear that we have mixed it.* But is it not the truth that these most competent performances leave, not alone the gruff reviewer, but the gentle reader, with a definite sense of affront? We are not (says the gentle reader) such fools as all that; we do not wish to be spoon-fed; we like to be made to feel that life is even bigger and more difficult to deal with than we had imagined—not that it can be weighed out and stirred round and poured forth to fit a mould like any pudding. For, surely, what we all are "after" in a novel is the sense

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describes the favorite "Jesse" window, and Rose and Medallion windows, in some detail, and differentiates, as far as possible, between the character of the glass in the various centuries; examines the very little domestic glass of his period now existing; tells us something of the old glass artists, and has an interesting chapter on the vicissitudes of ancient glass. The book is one for serious students of the subject, packed with information, and homely in style; certainly one of the most useful of a definitely utilitarian series.

* * *

"The Bronze Age in Ireland." By GEORGE COFFEY, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 6s. net.)

MR. GEORGE COFFEY'S new book is a valuable addition to the literature of Irish archaeology. In his previous volume, "New Grange," he gave us an account of the pre-Christian art of Ireland to the Bronze Age; in his "Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of Christian Ireland," he dealt with the medieval period. He has written the present volume to cover the interval separating the two periods. It is, naturally enough, a description of archaeological discoveries and primitive weapons and ornaments rather than a historical study. It is not without its interest, however, even for the general and inexpert reader, as when Mr. Coffey informs us that Ireland "was, during the Bronze Age, a kind of Western El Dorado, owing to her great richness in gold." He also tells us that "the Bronze Age people were acquainted with the art of weaving; and fine ornaments of horse-hair were sometimes used. The art of making pottery by hand was carried to a high degree of excellence. Shaving must have been fairly common, judging by the number of bronze razors found." As for the date of the Bronze Age, the first period ended, Mr. Coffey holds, between 2,000 and 1,800 B.C., while the fifth and last period "would go from 900 to about 350 B.C., at which time iron weapons were probably coming into general use in Ireland." As in "New Grange," so in the present volume Mr. Coffey lays stress upon the influence of the Mycenaean civilization which came to Ireland, in his judgment, by way of Scandinavia. His book is very fully and informally illustrated. It is an essential book of facts for the student of antiquities.

* * *

"India and the Indians." By EDWARD F. ELWIN. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"THERE never was a time," says Mr. Elwin, "when India stands (*sic*) more in need of some kindly person at her side to tell her what to do." Whereupon, the benevolent author constitutes himself the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of a misguided people. Being a missionary in India, he naturally devotes much space to expounding and interpreting the tenets of Hinduism. On the perusal of his polemics, we fail to understand how any intelligent person, even though he were only a black man, could have adopted a religion so egregiously debased and shoddy. But Mr. Elwin is careful to clear himself of the reproach of partisanship; he is quite amenable to discussing the "deep philosophic thoughts," which a few sympathizers presume to underlie "the idolatry and folly and indecency which we know exists in the religion." Alas! on dissection, "practically nothing at all . . . would be left." He advances evidence. A certain Hindu poetess—Sarojini Naidu, though there is a "distinct charm in the rhythm of her verses," displays "an utter emptiness" of insight and concept. Hey presto! My contention justified, says our zealous iconoclast. On the same analogy might an Indian critic, on examining the religious thought-structure of Mrs. Hemans, have pricked the bubble of Christianity. Mr. Elwin's area of observation is by no means confined to theology. He is equally emphatic upon Indian customs, temperament, literature, and racial characteristics.

* * *

"Bar, Bat, and Bit." By Sir EDWARD CHANDOS LEIGH. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

As Sir Edward Chandos Leigh's alliterative title indicates, his book is a collection of memories of the law, of cricket, and of hunting. He manages, however, to give some entertaining glimpses of other spheres of activity, such as

his schooldays at Harrow, where he knew Calverley, and the Oxford of the later Tractarian days. Sir Edward Chandos Leigh has come into contact with many of the most famous men and women of the past half-century, Thackeray and Trollope and Fanny Kemble, and many who are still living, and he writes about them in a lively and good-natured style. One of the charms of a book of reminiscences is the revelations it gives of its writer's personality, and behind all the anecdotes in the present volume, we see Sir Edward Leigh himself. His legal and sporting stories are excellent, and he tells them in a way that gives them an added relish.

* * *

"Roman Memories in the Landscape Seen from Capri." By T. S. JEROME. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. JEROME'S book is not what its title would lead one to expect. Instead of a collection of reminiscences of Rome, it is a sketch of those events of classic times that are associated with the country lying about the Bay of Naples. Mr. Jerome begins with the legends of Circe and the Sirens, and ends with Romulus Augustulus, the boy-Emperor who was deposed in 476 A.D. As a contribution to history, the book falls between two stools. In form it seems intended for the general reader, but Mr. Jerome omits a great deal which is essential to a proper understanding of Roman history, while the scholar has a right to expect a more rigid treatment of historical questions. Many of Mr. Jerome's judgments are fresh and suggestive; but, taken as a whole, his book is much too digressive and discursive.

* * *

"With Eastern Merchandise." By FRANCIS E. POWELL. (Murby. 6s. net.)

MR. POWELL'S book gives a pleasant account of a trip to the Far East, on board a cargo boat, taken in order to carry out the favorite medical prescription—"a complete rest and entire change." His itinerary included the Malay States, Japan, and China, with the return journey to Amsterdam and London. Both Mr. Powell's method of spending a holiday and the places he has visited have formed the subject of scores of travel books, and though Mr. Powell is not as entertaining as the author of "A Surgeon's Log," his descriptions of daily life on board ship and of the ports of call are well done. He has an eye for what is picturesque and out of the way, and his book is agreeable to read, if not very original in substance or treatment.

* * *

"The Passing of War." By W. L. GRANE. Fourth Edition. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, March 20.	Price Friday morning, March 27.
Consols	75½	75½
Midland Deferred	72½	72½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	35½	36
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101½	102½
Union Pacific	162½	163½
Turkish Unified	84xd	84
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	73	74

THE Stock Markets have been fairly good during the week, in spite of the trouble that has been going on with the Army officers in connection with the Ulster "campaign." The Home Railway Market was disturbed by the speech of Mr.

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P293

J. H. Thomas, the railmen's leader in Parliament, which pointed out that if officers refused to serve against disorderly Orangemen, men may also refuse to serve against strikers. Japanese bonds have been sold, owing to the fall of the Japanese Ministry and the political confusion in Japan. There has been more confidence in Brazil stocks, and the Rothschild loan is only 12 discount. The Money Market is still tight, and will remain so until the end of the year; but the rate of discount has been weak and has fallen to 2 per cent., showing that a period of very cheap money is in prospect. The following table of Ulster securities appeared in last week's "Economist." For the benefit of readers of THE NATION, I have added Irish Land Stock, and have given the prices at the end of 1913 and the prices on Tuesday, March 24th, when the crisis was at its height. The movements are certainly surprising, and very difficult to reconcile with the headlines in certain newspapers:—

	Div.	Price	Price	Rise
	or	End of	March	or
	Interest.	Year	24th,	Fall.
		1913.	1914.	
Guar. Irish Land Stock	2½	70½	77	+6½
Belfast Corporation, 1935	3½	85½	88	+2½
Belfast Harbor, 1963	3½	77½	81½	+4½
Belfast Water, 1938	3½	84	84	—
Do. 1953-8	3	70½	70½	—½
Belfast and County Down				
Railway, Ord.	6½	112	116	+4
Do. Deb.	4	93	96	+3
Great Northern Rly. (Ireland)				
Ord.	6	98½	104½	+5½
Do. Pref.	4	92½	98½	+6½
Do. Deb.	4	99	101½	+2½
Belfast Bank Old	20	10½	10½	—½
Do. New	8	4 1-16	4½	+ 1-16
Northern Banking "A"	12	22½	23½x	+ 1 3-16
Do. "B"	6	11 7-16	11½x	+ 1 9-16
Ulster Bank	20	10½	10 11-16x	+ 9-16
York Street Flax, Ord.	8	37½	37½	—
Do. Pref.	6	12	12	—
Do. Debs.	4½	97½	95½	-2

Perhaps the rise in the Railway Stock is the most remarkable, as these would suffer tremendously in a civil war.

NEW ISSUES.

Although one or two recent prospectuses have not met with very good receptions—the London and Suburban Traction Debenture stock was left 94 per cent. to the underwriters—there are indications that quite a number of borrowers and company promoters are waiting for a favorable moment to tempt the public. Winnipeg is making an issue of 4½ per cent. stock at a couple of points below par, really about 1½ points less, as a full interest payment will be made on August 1st. The yield is £4 13s. A gold mine prospectus is in circulation, which readers would be well advised to leave alone, as it is a pure gamble on developments. Queensland is coming forward with a large loan which will give trustees an opportunity of acquiring a cheap security. The Dominion Trust Company is offering a rather unusual type of security, as far as British investors are concerned. It consists of 5 per cent. "investment certificates," which will be issued repayable at the end of three, five, or seven years, as the applicant may desire. In addition to being a general obligation of the Trust, they will have specific mortgages assigned to them as earmarked security,

and these mortgages will not exceed 50 per cent. of the value of the freehold property on which they are secured. The amount of the "investment certificates" which may be issued is limited to four times the amount of the subscribed capital and reserves of the company, which now stand at \$2,500,000 and \$800,000 respectively. The amount of investment certificates already issued is \$503,887. The fixed 5 per cent. interest, with ample security and repayment at the end of the terms named, may appeal to some investors.

BANK OF ENGLAND STOCK.

I mentioned last week that the Bank of England had raised its dividend to 5 per cent. for the half-year, less income-tax, the rate for the previous twenty-one half-years having been 4½ per cent., free of income-tax. Before 1903 the dividend was 10 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, so that the change is in the nature of a restoration, though, with the tax at 1s. 2d. in the £, the net increase is 8s. 4d. per cent. per annum. The reduction in 1903 was no doubt dictated by the falling prices of gilt-edged securities, the depreciation on which in the past ten years must have cost the Bank enormous sums. There is no doubt, however, that the Bank's profits have expanded from year to year, and a period of dear money like that which ruled in 1913 is of immense value to it, for the market is forced to avail itself of the Bank's resources at a time when money commands high rates. Now that gilt-edged stocks have apparently touched bottom, the Bank is in an exceptionally strong position; for, having written them down, its investments return about 1 per cent. more upon their book value than they did ten years ago. Bank Stock therefore is an exceptionally fine investment at its present price. It yields 4½ per cent., and is a Trustee stock with a prospect of an increasing return, a description which can be applied to no other Trustee stock.

SAVOY HOTEL PROFITS.

Hotel keeping is generally regarded as a lucrative occupation, but very few of those who participated in joint stock enterprise in this field have made satisfactory investments. Shareholders in the Savoy Hotel Company have had to be satisfied with 5 per cent. per annum since 1903. In the last ten years the gross revenue of the company has risen by nearly £200,000, but during the same period expenses have risen by over £160,000. After ordinary expenses have been met, there are continual expenditures upon work which might be charged to capital did it produce a reasonable return; but it does not, for it is necessary to keep the property from becoming old-fashioned and unpopular. The Savoy has put large sums into its property in the last few years for various improvements, and the financial position of the concern is much better than it was. The Ordinary shares stood at 6½, yielding 8 per cent., and the 7 per cent. Preference at 9½, yielding just over 7½ per cent.. Both of these might be locked up by the speculative investor, as the financial policy of the last few years will show its benefits later on. The debentures of the company are rather complicated, owing to the mortgaging of specific portions of the property; but the 4 per cent. Perpetual Debenture stock, whose amount is only £450,000, is a first mortgage on the Savoy Hotel freehold site, and the yield on the stock is 4½ per cent.—quite a fair return on the security of a most valuable London site.

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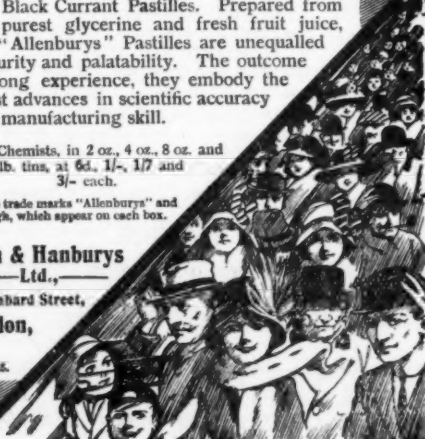
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SPECIAL REVIEWS by Sir Harry Johnston, Walter

de la Mare, and Robert Ross.

"EDWARD GARNETT: An Appreciation."

By John Galsworthy.

NEW NOVELS.

A Poem, "The Day's Recompense," on the Problems Page.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

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